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DEL VAYO EXPLAINS

THE NEW

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The Week-end Review

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THE SPIRIT OF MUNICH

HITLER is in Prague, as those who understood the Nazis predicted last September. With the military occupation of Czechoslovakia Europe and the Nazi revolution both move into a new phase. While the Führer was "righting the injustices of Versailles" and "unifying the German peoples," a gullible Britain could be persuaded that his actions were based on, and limited by, the morals of nationalism. These pretences are no longer necessary. The Czechs and the Slovaks are not Germans, and the campaign in the German press during the last few days, followed by the ludicrous excuses put forward by Dr. Goebbels, would not deceive the most simple-minded supporter of appeasement. How deliberate the German action has been is shown by the precision of the invasion, and the fact that the Prague Government, already completely subservient to Hitler, announced on its own wireless a few days ago that the Slovaks would in no circumstances receive help from Germany. There is no doubt that the Czech Premier, who is no adventurer and who would have done nothing to risk this invasion, was encouraged by Germany to send troops into Slovakia. Only by this typical piece of double-crossing did the Nazis invent even the shadow of an excuse. To-day the Führer preens himself in the palace where once Masaryk and Benes served their people, and the German troops who marched into Prague between lines of weeping and protesting Czechs, proclaim to the world that the imperial pretensions of their Führer are based on nothing but the lust for power. The Munich Settlement with its pretence of finality was only a stage in the Nazi game. It delivered the Czechs into Hitler's hands. But mere power is not sufficient for a war lord, and Hitler could not be content until he had dragged his prisoners behind his triumphal car.

Apart from the increase of prestige which this exhibition of power politics will bring, Hitler can congratulate himself on the acquisition of considerable material booty. In addition to the £5 millions of gold claimed from the Czechs last week is now added the £25 millions gold reserve at Prague, not less than £300 millions of finished goods and a wealth of industrial and agricultural resources. Germany, which a week ago talked of entering into trade agreements with this country in order to save her dwindling exports, can now proceed for a time at least upon her autarkic way. In the new world of power-economics aggression is no longer the Great Illusion: in the short run plunder is possible and profitable.

Another asset whose acquisition Nazi taste will greatly relish are the thousands of Reich German refugees and those heroic Sudeten democrats for whom the all too dilatory philanthropy of the Western democracies has not found shelter. For them the concentration camps are ready, while the hundreds of thousands of Jews now brought within Nazi territory will be thrown upon the mercies of the outside world. In return for such gains, Herr Hitler can well afford to allow Poland and Hungary, which is now not much more than a vassal of Germany, the common frontier with which they planned at least to put the brake on his further ambitions. There is one point which the Führer may not have adequately considered: the Czechs are a tough race who have tasted freedom for twenty years after three hundred years of servitude. The new subjects of the Reich will not be loyal or tractable, even though Herr Himmler, chief of the Gestapo, has already begun work in Prague.

Mr. Chamberlain's comment on this tragedy is that though he does not associate himself with any suggestion that the Führer has behaved in bad faith and does not believe that any such aggression was contemplated at Munich, he agrees that Hitler's action is not in accordance with "the spirit of Munich." The astonishing fact is that Mr. Chamberlain is patently sincere: he has believed each of Hitler's promises that he desired no more territory, each of them to be broken within a few months; he believed the Führer when he said that the Germans "wanted no Czechs," and he believed himself when he said that Munich meant "peace in our time." Even now he cannot persuade himself that Hitler has really broken his word. Lord Halifax was compelled to plead that now we had permitted the disruption of Czechoslovakia, we were no longer bound by our moral obligation to guarantee her frontiers. How did the Prime Minister put it on October 6th?:

> To accuse us of having . . . betrayed the Czechoslovakian State is simply preposterous. What we did was to save her from annihilation and give her a chance of new life as a new State, which involves the loss of territory and fortifications but may perhaps enable her to enjoy in the future and develop a national existence under a neutrality and security comparable to that which we see in Switzerland to-day.

To some, like Mr. Grenfell who made an admirable speech in the House, it may seem that the rape of another country is precisely in accordance with the Munich spirit, that, indeed, the Munich agreement was signed with no other purpose in view. But Mr. Chamberlain has the pertinacity of an angel, and there may still be small countries left to be sacrificed upon the altar of appeasement. Mr. Chamberlain said on October 3rd:

> It is my hope that under the new system of guarantees the new Czechoslovakia will find greater security than she has ever known in the past.

She has now, one supposes, found the final security. Only States incorporated in the Third Reich are secure. They can no longer be invaded.

The Palestine Plan

After five weeks of conference—in which there was never any sign of agreement—the Government have been forced to produce a definite plan of their own for Palestine. This was communicated to the Arab and Jewish delegations on Wednesday, and received by the latter at least with profound disfavour. If it is not accepted as a basis for further negotiations within the next few days, it will be imposed. The plan, it is generally understood, envisages the creation of an independent State of Palestine, after a transitional period of some years. During this period there will be restrictions on Jewish immigration, as well as on the sale of land to Jews, and at the end of it Jewish consent may be required for the coming into force of full independence. These proposals on the face of them represent a substantial victory for the Arab demands, and the representatives of the other Arab States are believed to be satisfied with them, though there may obviously be difficulty in persuading the Palestinians to accept the last condition. The Jews, for their part, will see the plan as a disaster, since they will be left in a permanent minority in the new State, with all the consequences which that may involve. The Government's hope, presumably, is that when this settlement is imposed the two peoples will develop that spirit of co-operation which the past twenty years have failed to produce. That indeed may be the only hope, but in present circumstances it seems a faint one.

Stalin Speaks

None of those well-intentioned people, who have been asking that the press and the B.B.C. should give more space to news of peace and goodwill, has protested against the way in which Stalin's speech last Friday was ignored or dismissed in a few paragraphs by most of the British newspapers. Yet it was a very important statement. Unlike other Dictators, Stalin seldom addresses the world and now, when he does, the import and tone of his words are closely similar to those of President Roosevelt. In measured language he expressed the determination of Soviet Russia to behave as a good neighbour to anyone who desired good neighbourliness, but to withstand aggression whether open or veiled; and he went on to state that Soviet Russia was ready to support both those nations which have lost their independence and those which are fighting to preserve it. One would have thought the fact that the spokesmen of the two greatest nations in the world are both plain spoken in their opposition to Fascist aggression would be regarded as a substantial advantage to the Western democracies. But Stalin's speech was almost ignored in the British press and though Mr. Hudson's search for trade is to include Moscow as well as Warsaw we have yet to notice any enthusiasm for the co-operation of the U.S.S.R. in the remarks of the Prime Minister. British foreign policy is still based on the hope that Hitler will continue to drive East and leave the West alone.

A Split in Australia

The resignation of Mr. Menzies from the Australian Cabinet and from the deputy leadership of the United Australia Party may well have large consequences. Mr. Menzies, who was Attorney-General and Minister of Industry, has left the Government primarily because of its decision to drop the contributory pensions scheme, which formed part of the National Insurance Act. This measure, which has been carried but not put into force, has been much opposed by members of the Country Party, who are Mr. Lyons's allies in the Government; and it appears to be in deference to their objections that he has

now announced the dropping of the scheme as enacted and its replacement by a system of health insurance only, based on much lower contributions. As the Lyons Government won the last General Election largely on the strength of its promises to pass a comprehensive Insurance and Pensions Act, Mr. Menzies holds that he cannot remain in the Cabinet in view of the pledges which he has given publicly to his constituents. Mr. Lyons in reply pleads the increasing cost of national defence as an excuse for dropping the Act. It is well on the cards that the withdrawal of Mr. Menzies may lead to the fall of the Government, followed possibly by considerable readjustments of party allegiances. The two Government parties have been for some time past uneasy companions; and Mr. Menzies has undoubtedly a strong following in the U.A.P.

A Damning Report

The Report of the Committee appointed by the Minister of Health to inquire into the anti-tuberculosis service in Wales was published this week. (*Stationery Office*, 4*s*. 6*d*.) The problem was known from the sickness and mortality statistics to be worse in Wales than in England; but few were prepared for the appalling revelations of this Report. The service is shared by the Welsh National Memorial Association (a voluntary body, functioning on behalf of the counties and county boroughs) which is responsible for treatment of the disease, and the local authorities, who are charged with preventive duties—and the importance of these can hardly be exaggerated. The work of the W.N.M.A. is efficiently done, though various improvements are recommended by the Committee. On the local authorities the verdict is very unfavourable. The county boroughs (except Merthyr Tydfil) are indeed praised by the Committee; but many others, rural and urban alike, are severely censured for incompetence, slackness and gross neglect of duty. A harrowing account is given of the conditions in which a great number of families are living up and down the land. Housing, sanitation, water supplies, are often incredibly bad, and so are schools. Malnutrition is widespread, and far too little is done by the education authorities to remedy it by milk and meals for school children. The Report in short is a call for prompt and large-scale action. The Welsh local authorities must reform themselves; they must also be helped by Government, for many of them, handicapped as they are by miserably low rateable values, can fairly plead their poverty in excuse for their backwardness and inaction.

The L.C.C.'s New Chairman

Mrs. Lowe was elected on Wednesday as Chairman of the London County Council—the first woman to hold that office. As Mr. Herbert Morrison said in proposing her election, the new Chairman was being chosen not because she was a woman, but because her work for the L.C.C. richly merited the honour. She has been on the Council since 1922, and has served already as Deputy Chairman and also for several years as Chairman of the Education Committee. Representing Bermondsey, where her husband was a doctor and her father a minister, and where she still resides, Mrs. Lowe knows all about the problems of London poverty; and, as a former teacher, she has a special interest in the problems of London education. It is fitting that the L.C.C. should celebrate its jubilee by choosing as its chairman a woman who so well symbolises both the long struggle which brought the London Labour Party to its present position in control of metropolitan government and the causes and achievements for which the Party stands. However misgoverned Greater London may be, the L.C.C. in recent years has done wonders within its restricted area and limited powers to improve the quality of the health and educational services, and it is in these fields that the new Chairman has rendered pre-eminent service.

Forgotten Men

In the dramatic march of events in Central Europe there is danger lest attention may be diverted from the desperate plight of the Catalan male refugees interned in France. For over a month, 270,000 men—including 15,000 wounded and 100,000 sick—have been herded in cages whose huge size makes effective administration and discipline impossible, and whose sites, at Argelès and St. Cyprien, render organisation of elementary sanitation and medical supplies a matter of extreme difficulty. Food is now said to be available in reasonably plentiful quantity; but it consists only of meat and bread—a deadly diet for the rapidly mounting number of enteric cases. Shelter is provided for no more than 20 per cent. of the internees, and the death rate from wounds, disease and exposure is soaring. Behind a curtain of official and newspaper reticence, a quarter of a million men have been condemned to rot, their only alternative to return to Spain and face the chance of a Nationalist firing squad. The British Government is well aware of these conditions; and has been willing to alleviate them—always provided that in doing so it does not appear to criticise French administrative methods. It has been impossible for philanthropic organisations at work with private resources to do more than touch the fringe of this vast mass of human suffering. With the promised assistance of a Government grant, the British Red Cross has sent a considerable quantity of material to Perpignan, and is now planning assistance on a much larger scale. The vital problem is not merely to expand the provision for nursing the sick, but to deal radically with the camps themselves and to save the internees from the imminent threat of epidemic disease arising from lack of shelter and sanitation. Weeks ago Lord Halifax declared that Britain had offered material and personnel to aid the French Government in dealing with the refugees. A fortnight ago the Foreign Office announced that agreement had been reached with the Quai d'Orsay in respect to the utilisation of this assistance. Though the delay has been deplorable, it is welcome news that the French are now proposing to tackle the problem more resolutely and that co-operation is coming from this country, which, after all, shares the responsibility with France.

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A PLEA FOR COMPROMISE

UP and down the country, the battle between Transport House and Sir Stafford Cripps is being waged daily with varying fortunes. Some of the local Labour Parties support the Cripps Petition, and move protests against the expulsion of its author from the party. Others uphold the Executive Committee, and yet others—a very large number—have so far said nothing at all. But in every party, and among those who take either side, as well as among the numerous sitters on the fence, we are sure many are busily asking themselves "What's the good of it?"

The question is indeed often differently framed according to the sympathies of those who put it. It may be either "What good does Cripps think he is doing by splitting the movement?" or "What good does the Executive think it is doing by expelling Cripps and trying to steam-roller everyone who opposes its point of view?" But, however the question may be framed, the moral is the same. Between the disputants the Labour Party is in danger of being gravely injured at a time when its unity is vital to the cause of democracy.

From every possible point of view this faction fight is disastrous. Suppose the Executive wins the triumph which it seems confidently to expect, and successfully runs Sir Stafford and those who support him out of the party, what then? It is quite undeniable that in a considerable number of constituencies the chance of a Labour victory at the General Election will have been lost. For, at any rate in the South of England and in some places in the North as well, the Crippsites include a very substantial fraction of the men and women who do the hard, day-to-day propaganda work of the party. This may not be the case in the areas where the Labour Party is strong enough to feel confident of its ability to win the seat in Parliament whatever line anyone else may take. But it is the case just in those areas where a Labour victory is possible, but by no means assured, and quite unlikely unless Labour can poll a high proportion of the unattached voters. These are the key seats which will settle the result of the election; and the Labour Party will lose them if the key people are either driven out of the party or left sulking in their tents because they feel they are denied the right of free speech and because leaders whom they trust have been driven out. An Executive victory, won by steam-roller tactics, and driven home by the mass-votes of the Trade Unions at Whitsuntide, may end the Cripps revolt; but it will assuredly fail to re-kindle enthusiasm within the party, or to prepare the way for a united drive towards electoral victory.

On the other hand, suppose Sir Stafford were to win, what would happen? With his leading opponents in their present mood, there would be a grave danger of the Labour Party splitting in quite a different way. There would be at the least a furious quarrel between the Trade Union leaders and other elements in the party—possibly even a Trade Union secession. But a Cripps victory, it may be said, is so unlikely as not to be worth considering. We agree that it is most unlikely that Sir Stafford can carry the Whitsun Conference of the Labour Party; but it has yet to be seen whether his defeat there would be the end of the matter. What is to happen if his supporters poll a large vote, and if a considerable band of them feel strongly enough to persist in their line even after the Conference has voted them down. Mass expulsion? A new party—however reluctant they may be to form one? Or a conversion into mugwumps of a large section of the party's most active and intelligent members, and an assured new lease of life for the Chamberlain Misgovernment?

Let us remember this. The Cripps controversy has stirred profoundly a considerable section of an active minority, both within the Labour Party and on its fringes. It has barely touched, and has certainly not stirred, the less vocal majority of party members and supporters. The majority of this majority will probably, if it has to take sides, support the Executive, but such a victory would be almost as injurious to the movement as a defeat. This is the mass backing on which the Executive must rely if it decides to push the struggle to extremes. But, as we have said, this backing will not enable the Labour Party to win the election.

What, then, ought to be done? We believe that the great mass of sensible opinion in the party wants the quarrel to be composed, and not fought out to a finish. How can it be composed, before the Whitsun Conference or further "disciplinary action" by the Executive has dangerously widened the breach? It can be composed, if both sides can be induced, instead of making angry noises, to say what they really mean. First, on the Popular Front. Sir Stafford is appealing to the Labour, Co-operative and Liberal Parties to work together in order to turn out the Government. The Executive is proclaiming its hostility to all entangling alliances. The Labour and Co-operative Parties are already united; so that there is no difficulty on that score. As for the Liberals, the appearance of a Liberal candidate hurts Labour's chances in some areas, and helps them in others. We doubt if Sir Stafford really expects or desires a nation-wide Liberal-Labour pact. On the other hand, we do not believe the Executive is really hostile to some arrangement which would give a larger measure of discretion in the choice of candidates to local Labour Parties in areas where co-operation with other parties would weaken the Government's electoral chances. It would be foolish to attempt to force reluctant Labour (or Liberal) local parties into the strait-jacket of a national electoral arrangement. But is it necessarily wise to prevent local parties which desire to act together from coming to reasonable bargains in the present emergency?

The truth is that the situation is quite different in areas where Labour is already strong and well-established, and in areas where it is still only at the stage which these same areas were reaching in, say, 1906. How many members would Labour have had in the 1906 Parliament if it had then banned all electoral arrangements? The answer is not "0," but it is not far off that. Then, Labour needed pacts to win seats even where it was strongest. Now it needs them only where it is relatively weak. But it does need them still, if it really means to get this Government out of office. Ought not the leaders of the movement to admit so much; and will not Sir Stafford, if they do admit that much, call off his Petition, and himself admit that it would be folly to risk weakening the Party in a quest for more?

As for the alleged differences of programme between Sir Stafford's Six Points and Labour's Immediate Programme, they are not the heart of the matter. Indeed,

the two programmes are practically the same, and the accusation that Sir Stafford is "betraying Socialism" is meaningless, unless it applies to the Executive as well. No one, we are convinced, would go on fighting for five minutes for the one programme as against the other. On that point, there is no issue to be settled.

But there are other issues which are real. The true foundation of the Cripps revolt is neither the desire for an electoral alliance nor the desire for a different programme, but the deep and uneasy sense that the Labour Party does not at present look to the country like an effective alternative Government. It wins an occasional by-election and reduces the Government's majorities. But it does not lead the country as it might. It manages also to give the impression that it is being too much run by the Trade Unions, whose part in it must necessarily be great, but whose domination, whether apparent or real, is a fatal electoral handicap. Arthur Henderson, loyal Trade Unionist himself, was well aware of that danger, and it was in large part his skill which prevented personal and sectional rivalries from damaging the larger interests of the movement. The Party to-day needs to recapture the spirit of Arthur Henderson who would, we feel sure, have avoided the disaster of Sir Stafford's expulsion, and found a sensible middle way in electoral arrangements which would have been quietly put through without ever being erected into a matter of principle—which they are not.

It is not our business to tell the Labour Party what it ought to do. When, however, we see the strongest bastion of British democracy being seriously damaged by a quarrel out of which no good can come if it is pursued to the end, we must as citizens enter our protest and urge the combatants to come to terms. We say, then, to Sir Stafford Cripps and to Mr. Attlee, to Mr. Morrison, to Mr. Greenwood and to Mr. Dalton—and to Mr. Bevin and Mr. Marchbanks as well—for the sake of democracy get together and settle this affair reasonably.

The present difficulties of the party are not solely or even mainly due to defects of personnel or leadership; they are due to events which would have tried the strongest and most skilful. But if the difficulties are to be overcome it will not be by defiance and shock tactics on the one side or by bitterness and rigorous discipline on the other. We appeal to everyone engaged in this dispute to think less of a victory which at best will be sterile and to seek rather a compromise through which that unity and enthusiasm on which all success depends may be restored.

THE LAST PHASE IN SPAIN

[The following article by the Foreign Secretary in the Negrin Cabinet is, we believe, the first published account by a member of the Spanish Republican Government of its motives and policy after the capture of Barcelona.]

AFTER thirty-three months of the most heroic and hapless struggle for national independence of modern times, the Spanish people has succumbed to fearful stress and privations. Republican Spain is now bleeding to death in circumstances which leave her best friends abroad a prey to grief and perplexity. I should like here, as objectively and dispassionately as possible, to try to clarify at least one aspect of the present situation which has given rise to the most contradictory comments; I refer to the purpose by which the Negrin Government was animated when, after the loss of Catalonia, it transferred to the Central Zone.

The fall of Catalonia had placed the Government in a desperately difficult position. In addition to the pathetic inferiority in regard to war material of the Republican Army as compared with the forces of invasion, there was now the new factor of dislocation of the whole governmental machinery—unavoidable in the circumstances. At Figueras the Government continued to be a Government more by virtue of its moral authority and the confidence which it still inspired in the people, than on the grounds of any normal functioning of the administration. After all, the real situation was now an army in retreat, a Government minus its ministerial departments, and the mass exodus over the frontier of a civil population terrified at the idea of falling into the hands of the Fascists, and panic-stricken owing to the continual bombardment of the enemy aircraft. From a purely political point of view—and since in the Central Zone there was still an army intact and a population unaffected by the collapse in Catalonia—the most effective move would have been for the members of the Government to have immediately betaken themselves by air to Valencia.

The Government knew, however—and this was the unanimous opinion of the General Staff—that its departure from Catalonia involved the enormous risk of utter catastrophe developing in the actual frontier area. And so the Negrin Government, now foolishly indicted on the grounds that it sought to bring about a European conflagration—accused of gambling on a general war as its only means of salvation—was in fact obstinately standing its ground in those tragic days so as to prevent any trouble developing at the French frontier. By staying there, undoubtedly, it did achieve that object. Such a policy was indeed in accordance with the foreign policy which it had consistently pursued; witness its acceptance of the plan brought forth by the Non-Intervention Committee in London though it was so much against the interests of the Republic, and its decision at a later date to arrange the withdrawal from Spain of non-Spanish combatants under the aegis of the League of Nations. By remaining at its post until the very last moment of the tragedy of Catalonia, the Government succeeded in avoiding, therefore, conflicts at the French frontier, the risk of which was, not unnaturally, causing the French Government acute apprehension. More than that it accomplished. Four hundred thousand men and women were evacuated from Catalonia without the slightest incident on the Spanish side. In two nights which I shall never forget, because I was with the Minister of Finance the whole night through supervising the organisation of their transport, we managed to effect the removal of all the art treasures of the Prado Museum; it was the Spanish Government through its Ambassador in Paris, which took the first steps towards securing the assistance of friendly Governments and international co-operation for the preservation of these artistic treasures from danger. It was a prodigious achievement. We were terribly short of conveyances, and at the last moment, contrary to what I, personally, had arranged and formally agreed with the Museum officials, the seventy-five French lorries that were to come into Spain to collect the Prado pictures never arrived. I am sure the reader can imagine what this calamity meant at a time when everyone was moving heaven and earth to get any old Ford to make the journey to the frontier to safety, or to carry out the military withdrawal operations—to get hold of seventy-five lorries, to load them up with the Prado pictures, and then drive them through the crowd which had been waiting night after night at the threshold of the frontier to get away themselves from the terror of the advancing enemy.

Nor was it only a question of the Prado pictures. There were sixty Italian pilots—the same persons who had for months been bombarding the cities and peaceful villages of Catalonia—who were got through the crowds thanks to the Spanish Government and set free in France, besides several hundred more prisoners.

Having done its duty in ensuring the departure from Catalonia of all the civil population and the army, the Government then proceeded to the Central Zone. What was in its mind? What

were the intentions of Señor Negrin and his colleagues? They had one single purpose; it was to contrive the best possible conditions of peace for the heroic population of Castile, Levant, and Andalusia whose glory is symbolised by the name of Madrid. We knew perfectly well that it was impossible now to win the war. We knew that it was our duty to make peace, and make it as speedily as possible. After the unconditional recognition of Franco by the British and French Governments the Republic of Spain was to be subjected to an inexorable blockade. I remember, when the Prime Minister and I arrived in Alicante on February 10th, the first thing we saw was the harrowing spectacle of the harbour almost completely destroyed by air bombardment, with just one foreign merchant vessel sinking as a result of the previous day's raid.

Of the three conditions for making peace which Dr. Negrin had stipulated in that last meeting of the Cortes at Figueras on February 1st, with the unanimous approval of the Chamber—the independence of Spain, freedom for the Spanish people to determine its destiny, and the assurance that there would be no reprisals—we knew perfectly well that the only one still possessing any practical meaning, the only one we must strive for, was the third. What we could do and must do, was to obtain assurances that the civil population and the mass of the soldiers in the Central Zone who had fought so gloriously for thirty-three months should not be given over to the clamorous Fascist demands for their extermination, voiced time and again by the Insurgents and pressed for insistently by the Italian and German press; it was a question of making possible the departure from Spain of some twenty thousand marked men and women, for whom the fate of remaining under the regime of the Fascist conquerors was worse than death. It was for this that the Negrin Government was still disposed to resist—and for nothing else. And the first to be apprised of this situation were those same Generals who later started rebellion against the Government. On February 14th there was a meeting of all the Army leaders with the Prime Minister, Dr. Negrin, at Llanos, near Albacete, when a full statement was made.

I and my colleagues in the Government thought that the only way of obtaining any such act of grace from General Franco was by combining such pressure as might be applied on the international plane with an attitude that gave the impression we were prepared to go on fighting. That resistance was indeed possible, has, I think, been demonstrated since, and not least, by the latest tragic happenings in Madrid. Had it not been for the terrible cleavage in the anti-Fascist ranks brought about by the rising of a number of the Army leaders against the Negrin Government, it would have been perfectly possible to put General Franco in this dilemma—either he must grant such guarantees as were demanded of a purely humanitarian character, or he must run the risk of sacrificing in a fresh offensive several thousand men; and there could not have been any great enthusiasm for such a course in an army like that of the Insurgents, which had not been fighting for several weeks.

As we saw it, honestly, there was no other attitude that could be adopted. Forthcoming events will show who was right. In spite of this latest rising against the legitimate Government, in spite of the fact that this strife among the anti-Fascist ranks which the Government was always so determined to avoid has now broken out, I hope and pray with all my heart that the rebelling Junta in Madrid may obtain from the Insurgents those self-same guarantees of a humanitarian character for which the Negrin Government was striving. On that Monday morning when we came away, the last message transmitted by Dr. Negrin was one of friendly greeting to Colonel Casado, urging the necessity for closing our ranks—to which no reply was vouchsafed. But, whatever may be our desires, I am afraid it is not likely that any guarantees can be obtained, and we may well see the population and the soldiers of the Central Zone in the next few days become the victims of the most horrible massacre in the annals of modern Europe.

JULIO ALVAREZ DEL VAYO

A LONDON DIARY

A FRIEND whom I knew in Madrid in 1937 and who was there through most of the war and knew Colonel Casado, now head of the Defence Council, sends me the following details about the new ruler of Madrid and the reasons for his *coup*. "Casado is small, discreetly smart and has the hands of a violinist; in plain clothes you might mistake him for a literary critic and he is indeed a real 'military intellectual' with a reputation as a thoroughly modern staff officer. But his military ambitions were thwarted by his reputation as a 'revolutionary,' that is a supporter of the Republic, and his career ended abruptly in 1926 when he found himself in one of Primo's prisons on account of an unsuccessful democratic *pronunciamento* at Ciudad Real. Even the coming of the Republic did not bring either to him or to his friend Vincente Rojo any advancement, as the War Ministry was careful to distribute important posts only to loyal anti-Republicans. So it was only when the rebellion broke out that Casado and Rojo got their chance and were soon both of them men of influence on the General Staff. In the early days he was closely associated with both Largo Caballero and General Assensio, who was dismissed after the fall of Malaga, and he showed a willingness to co-operate with the F.A.I. and C.N.T. which brought him into conflict with the Communist and Liberal supporters of the People's front; but his bravery in November, 1936, in staying in Madrid when everyone else fled to Valencia, kept him his job and brought him into contact with Miaja. Since then—to make an obvious comparison—the two have worked together very much in the same relationship as Ludendorf and Hindenburg. Miaja inspired the confidence of the people while Casado worked out the plan of operations, sharing his task with those non-professional soldiers like Modesto, Lister and Galan whom he is now denouncing as 'Communist agitators.'"

* * *

A very well informed correspondent in Italy informs me that there is much speculation in Rome about Mussolini's motives in summoning home the Duke of Aosta, the Viceroy of Abyssinia. Abyssinia remains unconquered; the Italians have never succeeded in doing more than establish a precarious strategic occupation of the country. But it is not thought to be on that account that the Duke is coming back to Rome. Two suggestions are being canvassed. The first is that the time is now ripe for an incident on the Jibouti frontier and that the Duce wants to discuss it with the man on the spot. It is argued that the Duce may well be in a hurry, especially with the top end of the Axis advancing so fast in Central Europe, to present the Italian people with some fruits from the anti-French colonial campaign. In support of this story, which I regard as very speculative, it is true that there have been important Italian troop movements which were thought, a few weeks ago, to be aimed at Jibouti. The second explanation is even more interesting and, I think, more probable. It is said that the Duce is running the Duke for the throne of Spain. The Duke has certain claims. His grandfather was for a short time King of Spain. His wife, a princess of France, is connected with the Spanish royal house. The Duke is the most popular of the Savoy princes and the only member of his house who is never known to have been at loggerheads with the Duce. Before, however, this young and by all accounts attractive Prince undertakes this highly delicate and dangerous job, he may ask for time to consider it. He might, for instance, recall that his residence would be the Castle of Miramar, from which its builder, the unfortunate Emperor Maximilian of Mexico, sailed to his throne and firing squad. But then of course Napoleon the Third did not really want to keep his troops in Mexico.

* * *

"Hell is a city much like London." Beginning from that famous description of the capital of the British Empire at the time of Shelley, the new film to commemorate the L.C.C. Jubilee leads us on by stages to a conclusion, in which, after

a series of beautiful pictures, we end up with the exhortation "here in London build the city of the free." I would like everyone to see this picture. I hear that M. Lebrun is likely to see it while he is in London and it is to have a West-end première. But if cinema proprietors have any sense they will show it as widely as a new René Clair. Technically it can hardly be bettered. The gloom and horror of the old London of the starving and ragged in fetid alleys, with its open sewers, its raging cholera and typhus, the Mother Gamps, "gin-sodden harridans who were the corpse dressers as well as the midwives," turning "from the deathbed to the childbirth," while "death and disease went with them"—all these are shown partly in reconstruction of actual events, and partly from the reproduction of old contemporary prints. I am told that the picture of a young under-paid and half-educated woman with an unruly slum class of 100 children, fighting with a small boy who refuses to obey orders and succeeds in throwing her on the floor from which she is rescued by the master who restores order with the cane, is a picture of an actual event which was typical of education only two generations ago. Then you are taken on through the struggle to get rid of disease and reorganise London government. At the end we see beautiful hospitals in which babies are happily born—one-third of all the children born in London are now born in L.C.C. hospitals, and three hospital beds out of five belong to the rate-payers of London—of recreation grounds, swimming pools, the attempt to save the Green Belt and to develop the possibilities of a healthy and free life for all the new generation. Herbert Morrison makes a short appearance and does well to remind us that this is not the whole story. It is a true story and, thus presented, a hopeful one, but the slums are still only half cleared, poverty though less appalling than in Dickens's day is yet widespread and ugly enough, and the problem of any planned and purposeful development is still insoluble until we get rid of the competitive and overlapping local authorities. Dr. Southwood Smith's comment of 80 years ago is still true even though less true; we are still everywhere handicapped by the landlord and the absurdity of swollen site values. Yet I would not call this a misleading film. Its promise may yet be fulfilled, and the L.C.C. and the Gas Light and Coke Company, who have collaborated in making this picture, are to be congratulated on a splendid job. The Gas Light and Coke Company is, as far as I know, alone amongst commercial enterprises in doing a big public service which is not directly part of its business, and in doing it without self-advertisement or, indeed, without any direct advantage to itself at all. This is the right and truthful way of boosting democracy; for here is a genuine record of democratic achievement.

* * *

One gets tired of being told that the world is being united by science when obviously nothing of the sort is happening. But every now and then something occurs to show how it could be united by science. There is a battle going on between those who maintain the old faith and think that aeroplanes and wireless can be used to break down national and racial barriers and give the individual a fuller and freer life, and those who see in them merely a greater opportunity for keeping and increasing their own power over the minds and bodies of ordinary men and women. Take the example of the news broadcast during the Munich crisis. Contrast the brutal nationalism of the German radio with the moderate common-sense of the British wireless at that time, and the astonishing achievements (which is the peg on which these remarks hang) of the American radio service. The Columbia Broadcasting System has produced a report called *Crisis*, which gives a summary account with extracts of the 450,000 words that it actually broadcast for the American public between September 10th and September 30th. Technically, these international hook-ups, which switch over from Prague to Berlin, Paris, London, Rome and New York, are, I think, an advance on anything hitherto achieved. American citizens all over the United States could listen in to an hourly, and sometimes minute by minute, account of what was happening in the streets in Prague, then hear an account of the complete absence of war fever in Berlin, in spite of Goebbels' activities in the press and on the wireless, and then actually hear a conversation going on between Prague and New York. This report has not been "generally released" but privately circulated to show what wireless, and the C.B.S. in particular, can achieve. I hope that the B.B.C. will take the hint and answer the critics in the *Times* who complain that it does not give "straight news" by arranging for its own foreign correspondents, its own international hook-ups and for the provision of this kind of service in time of crisis.

* * *

Every now and then one comes across people who have retained the old Liberal belief that goodwill should be reserved not for the tyrants and the oppressors but for the oppressed. The other day I happened to meet in the train a man of independent means who had never journeyed outside Europe, but who a year or two ago suddenly discovered the value of oriental philosophy and civilisation. Unlike most of us he decided that something practical must be done to enable Chinese culture to survive, and, largely owing to his initiative, Oxford has begun a scheme for sending books and scientific apparatus to the Chinese universities, in which it is hoped that the other British universities will take part. "Realists" no doubt will turn up their noses at such a proposal and prefer the claims of more material support. But I could not help responding to my friend's enthusiasm as he described the effect which a few thousand books would produce, each with a picture of Oxford on its name-plate and the date 1938. "Why 1938?" I asked. "Because," he said, "our help must come to them in their hour of need. Then in future years they will remember that it was not in 1939 when the tide was turning, but in 1938 when things looked desperate that we stood by them." Such optimism is infectious, and I got out of the train feeling a great deal more cheerful.

* * *

A new Fascist technique seems to have been invented in this country. A Left Book Club meeting had been billed in Canterbury for last Wednesday night. On the day before, leaflets were distributed all over Canterbury, announcing that this meeting was postponed. On Wednesday morning, the proprietor of the hall in which the meeting was to be held received a telegram, signed "Gollancz," definitely postponing the meeting. The leaflets, needless to say, were a trick and the telegram a forgery. A very successful meeting was held all the same.

CRITIC

THE THIN END OF THE WEDGE

IN these days all roads lead to planning. It is nearly impossible to investigate any aspect of the national economy without realising the need for some sort of authority to create order out of chaos and to make an end of the wastes and nuisances which are involved in the planless growth and decay of economic institutions. It is no longer even possible to argue in favour of *laisser faire* on the ground that a natural is preferable to an artificially regulated order. That is not the choice. There is no natural order; we can choose only between the chaos that results from planless regulation of each separate part of the economic system, without any co-ordination in the general interest, and the attempt to bring order out of chaos by subjecting the various sectional controls to some form of unifying principle and authority.

Yet we are reluctant to prefer order to chaos because we fear bureaucracy and dictatorship. Even if we can no longer leave the regulation of our affairs to Adam Smith's "invisible hand," most of us would sooner, as long as the consequences are tolerable, put up with a good deal of confusion than accept the necessity of an overriding control. Yet we are driven towards planning, however much against our will, because we have more and more to realise that the refusal to co-ordinate

policy means to-day not merely confusion but in certain parts of the economic system positive breakdown and cumulative disaster for ourselves and for the generations to come.

These conclusions are very plainly illustrated by the report just published by P.E.P. on *The Location of Industry in Great Britain*. It has been for some time common knowledge that the Royal Commission which is at present supposed to be examining this vital problem finds itself badly flummoxed. No wonder that it is; for the question of the location of industry cannot possibly be dealt with satisfactorily apart from a host of other problems. It leads right to the heart of the general problem of planned production; it is clearly bound up with the questions of local government areas and taxation; it involves consideration of the entire transport problem; it is inseparable, as matters stand, from the question of national defence and the planning of industry for war; and it cannot be dealt with without parallel handling of the organisation of finance for industrial development or except in relation to the problem of population and labour supply, town and country planning, tariffs and the character of foreign trade, trends of technological change and, most elusive of all, changing habits and desires on the part of the people whose ways of living must be deeply affected by any policies designed to control the location of the industries providing them with the means of life. In short, whoso sets out to plan the location of industry needs must set out also to plan the shape and character of the national life.

This inclusiveness of the problem emerges plainly from the P.E.P. Report, which is indeed only half a report, to be followed in the near future by its necessary correlative, a further report on the general problem of regionalism and regional reorganisation of the at present unduly centralised structure of our political and economic administration. Planning, the P.E.P. reporters realise well enough, will break down of its own top-heaviness unless we can achieve some real measures of decentralisation—which is additionally forced on us by the need to lessen our vulnerability in time of war. But P.E.P., though it cannot isolate the problem of location, has managed to put forward certain suggestions about it which can be adopted in advance of a more thorough reshaping of political and economic institutions in the light of modern needs.

Chief among these suggestions is the constitution of an Industrial Development Commission, endowed with the power to license all new factories or extensions of existing factories. It is proposed that this power shall be so used as decisively to check the tendency to pile up the expanding industries in and around London and other great "urban clusters," and to guide industrialists back to the regions in which employment is declining owing to the decay of the basic and export industries. It is proposed, further, that the Commission should use its authority to prevent the destruction of amenities by industrialists regardless of the social consequences of their actions, and to repair and recondition the sites left blasted and derelict by the ravages of planless industrialism in the past.

The P.E.P. writers are, it should be noted, careful to suggest that these extensive powers should in practice be very moderately applied. Licences, they hold, should be refused only in exceptional cases; and the granting of most applications should be almost a matter of course. It is only the thin end of the wedge of planning that they put forward, and they propose nothing that would seriously restrict the scope of capitalist enterprise. It will, however, hardly escape the notice of the capitalists that if the machinery which P.E.P. proposes were once brought into existence, it would not be easy to prevent its powers from increasing as new needs for planned organisation became apparent. The strictly limited Commission which P.E.P. suggests would almost certainly be the forerunner of a general planning authority armed with very much wider powers.

Among the duties which P.E.P. wishes to assign to it at the outset is one upon which public attention is likely to be largely focused—the liquidation of existing industrial centres which have lost their power of economic survival, and the group resettlement of the populations of these centres in new towns, based upon new industries, to be created and developed under the auspices of the Commission itself. The Report makes out a strong case for the view that it would be a measure of national economy, as well as plain humanity, to evacuate such terribly distressed places as Merthyr Tydfil and Rhymney and re-establish their present inhabitants on more favourable sites where they could hope, with the aid of new industrial activities somewhat after the fashion of the Trading Estates already founded, to make a tolerable living instead of continuing to exist upon the dole. It would cost perhaps £10 millions, plus £4 or £5 millions for compensation to property owners, to move the 67,000 inhabitants of Merthyr to a new site adequately equipped with new plant, houses and public services and amenities; but much of this expenditure would be recoverable, and the net cost would not exceed £800,000 a year at the outset, sinking speedily to a much lower figure as production developed in the new community. But the people of Merthyr are at present receiving over £500,000 a year in unemployment benefit and assistance, and over £300,000 in State grants to the local authority, apart from old age pensions and other special payments. The full figures given in the Report constitute a very strong case for the policy of complete evacuation of derelict industrial areas, and the resettlement of the people in a planned way, as against the present planless attempts at piecemeal transference of individuals out of the depressed districts.

There is a wealth of information on a wide range of subjects in this impressive Report. It throws most valuable light on the existing location of every important industry in the country. It analyses the types of urban development at present to be found in Great Britain much better than this has been done before. It brings out very plainly both the extensive nature of existing State interference with the location of industry, and the absence in it of any sort of plan or co-ordinating principle. Thoroughgoing advocates of a planned economic system will be disposed again and again to feel that the proposals put forward are inadequate in relation to the wastes and inefficiencies which are so ruthlessly exposed. They will want to go much further than P.E.P. suggests—for example, to give the proposed Commission much greater power to direct the course of investment, and to provide for a far greater measure of actual public operation of industries and services. But P.E.P.'s moderation in these respects is no doubt carefully designed; for P.E.P.'s main function, after all, is to talk sound sense to the capitalists without scaring them more than they must be scared in order to induce them to do anything at all. The thin end of the wedge is P.E.P.'s chosen weapon; and it has much to commend it at a time when even Socialists are busier devising "immediate programmes" than conducting propaganda for out-and-out Socialism.

THIS ENGLAND

Our prize of 5/- for the contribution at the head of the column goes this week to James H. Wilson.

All cuttings should be addressed to "This England," 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1.

Like Bunyan's *Pilgrim's Progress*, Hitler's *Mein Kampf* was written in gaol and is worthy to be ranked with it.

Hitler's motto appears to be, "Love your neighbour better than yourself."—Letter in *Yorkshire Post*.

Idealist proposing construct better world would welcome aid. Jokers abstain. Those genuinely interested please address T 5. —Advert. in *Manchester Guardian*.

The *Daily Express* recently raised an outcry about the bombing of refugees by the National aeroplanes, and in a short leader remarked,—"Remember this when Franco comes to us for a loan." That is hardly calculated to increase friendly relations between financiers in this country and the forces of law, order and decency in the Spanish Nation—where there is big business to be done in future.—*Aeroplane*.

A punt which four boys were charged with stealing was stated at Windsor juvenile court yesterday to have been found by the police in flooded A.R.P. trenches.

The boys said that they saw other children boating in the trenches and borrowed the punt for a mimic sea battle.—*News Chronicle.*

But we cannot understand why, although there are thousands of women and girls unemployed, when we ask at the labour exchanges for domestic servants we are told that none is available. I, for example, who live alone very quietly with a staff of seven domestics, am quite unable to obtain a kitchenmaid.—Letter in the *Times.*

In fairness to one of our greatest national sporting interests, I beg you to give this letter a space in your valuable paper. The headline, "Another Horse Killed at Cheltenham," was a rude shock to many entering one of the leading hotels to dine on Thursday night. Please believe me, this is the wrong side of racing, sport, and journalism. You, sir, will entirely agree with me that Rugby, Association football, boxing, and racing are a bulwark against Bolshevism and other prevailing evils of the day. Racehorses are the most carefully trained and treated of all our athletes, and show an unfailing spirit and love at their game.—Letter in *Gloucestershire Echo.*

ONE'S WARDROBE

A YOUNG company director, who was sued during the week for £47 in payment for shirts, collars, pyjamas, white waistcoats, and monograms, seems to have surprised the judge by the amount of money he spends on his attire. He confessed, for example, that he pays £5 10*s.* for a pair of pyjamas and buys a dozen pair every two years. His shirts cost him three guineas each, and of these he buys a dozen a year. "I buy five lounge suits," he continued the story of his expenditure in an interview with a *Daily Express* reporter, "at fourteen guineas each during the year, six pairs of shoes at three guineas, two overcoats at eighteen guineas. Evening clothes cost me thirty-five guineas. If," he added, "I counted up what I pay for hats, jackets, fancy waistcoats, ties, and other odds and ends, I suppose my wardrobe costs me about £8 a week."

He sees no need to apologise for this apparent extravagance. In fact, he advances several ingenious arguments in defence of it. For example, he declares that "only the rich can afford to dress badly"—a saying that has the verisimilitude of a proverb. I am inclined to agree with him. I doubt whether the poor do themselves any good by turning up at their work in cheap, ready-made clothes. The poor, indeed, by their habits do everything to keep themselves poor. They ride in buses instead of in motor cars, though only the rich can afford to be seen riding in buses. They take their meals, not at Claridge's or the Savoy but in fourth-rate restaurants, which only the rich can frequent without being suspected of the sin of poverty or, at least, without suffering as a result of that damning suspicion. If you reflect for a moment you will see that the poorer you are, the less you can afford not to wear a fur-lined coat, not to have a Rolls-Royce, not to dine in the best restaurants, not to go to Savile Row for your clothes, and not to sit in the stalls at the theatre. If you are poor, it is essential from a business point-of-view to keep up appearances, and this can be done only by spending a great deal of money. That is why I think that the ideal State would be one in which most of the money would be given to the poor who need it so badly in order to keep up appearances and only a little would be given to the rich who can afford to dress and dine and travel as humbly as they please.

If you do not agree with this line of defence, you will find that the company director has another one, equally plausible. "One must have some vices," he declares; "buying clothes is probably mine. But then I don't bet much or entertain expensively like many badly dressed men." The Puritan and the anti-Puritan will, I imagine, differ, as to the validity of the statement: "One must have some vices." I myself like to think that there is a good time coming when it will be possible to have no vices, and that life will be even more enjoyable without them. But there is another school of thought that holds that venial vices, at least, are necessary as an antidote to the sins of pride and intolerance. The lives of some of the saints seem to prove that even the venial vices are not necessary for this purpose; but, if we grant for the sake of argument that they are, what vice could be more venial than that of dressing well? Dr. Johnson said that a man was seldom more innocently employed than in making money; and I can think of only one employment still more innocent, spending it. And, of all the innocent things on which you can spend money, surely the most innocent is clothes. Your clothes do not injure your health, as tobacco and eating in excess do. They do not fuddle your brain as champagne does. They do not endanger the lives of your fellow-citizens as a motor car does. They do not tempt men to become thieves as jewels do. They do not risk the family income as betting and gambling do. Some people may think that a garden is an even more innocent object of expenditure than fancy waistcoats. But a garden may awaken the sin of envy in a neighbour's breast. I, at least, have often envied a man his garden: I have never envied a man his fancy waistcoat.

The third line of defence pursued by the company director was a comparison—a rather vague one—between his own expenditure on clothes and that of his wife. "I am sure," he said, "my wife spends much more on clothes than I do." I do not know how far most women will regard this argument as reasonable. Evidently, the company director's wife does not, for, whereas the husband admits that in buying clothes he is extravagant, the wife affirms: "I consider that I am most economical about clothes." Strict economists may be inclined to quarrel with this statement, for she admits to getting through more than fifteen pairs of stockings a month. "But then," as she says—and the economists will find themselves hard put to it to answer her effectively—"I rarely pay more than 8*s.* 11*d.* a pair." According to the calculation of the *Express* reporter, this means that she spends only about £90 a year on stockings. The economical nature of her expenditure becomes still clearer when she says: "I never buy expensive frocks. My eighteen day-frocks cost me only about eight guineas each." Then her eighteen night-dresses cost her only about £3 each, her fourteen evening dresses only twelve guineas each, her two dinner dresses only fourteen guineas each, her two day coats only eight guineas each, her fourteen pairs of day shoes only three guineas each, and her ten pairs of evening shoes only three guineas each. "Shoes and stockings," she observes sadly, "are really a dreadful expense"; but, apart from these, it seems to me that she would be justified, like Clive, in expressing her amazement at her moderation.

There are people of a carping spirit who will question the need for all these clothes. They will ask: "Is there any more sense in having too many clothes than in having too much to eat?" The analogy between food and clothes is not a sound one, however. In food, enough is as good as a feast; but in clothes enough is not anything like so good as a feast. As we eat, we do not assume a new personality with every dish: give your guests different dinners on different evenings, and, if the dinners are good, the guests remain essentially the same persons. Clothes, however, turn human beings into actors and actresses. A man is not the same man when he is wearing plus fours at the seaside and when he is wearing a frock-coat and top-hat at a wedding. I am sure that men would have given up wearing evening dress long ago but for the fact that it enables them to alter their personalities when the day's work—or sport—is over. No sensible man likes the trouble of putting on evening dress, but sensible men have discovered from experience that a change of costume is refreshing—that it enables a man, as it were, to begin life afresh in a fresh part. All the world's a stage, and all the men and women dress up for it. The rich, I am sure, would be bored to death if they had to wear the same clothes all the time. It is only the constant change of clothes that makes the lives of the rich tolerable.

I have never had much love for clothes myself, and, not

being rich, have often even resented the necessity of changing them. As a small boy, I disliked having a new personality forced on me on Sunday with a respectable suit such as I should never have worn on a week-day. I loathed the Sunday gloves; I loathed my first bowler. As a result of wearing them, I usually arrived in church in a mood of the sourest Calvinism. Ties were the only article of dress that ever gave me much pleasure. They fascinated me in the haberdasher's shop at which we had an account, and for a time I bought them recklessly. I had a competition with another small boy in the same class at school as to which of us could appear wearing a different tie every day for the longer period. It was a kind of timeless test, and ran on, I think, into the third week. That was the only occasion, so far as I remember, when I lived for a time in the spirit of the company director.

Yet there have been other lesser raptures—the rapture of the first pair of brown boots, or rather of magnificent yellow boots, made of Russian leather; the rapture of the first pipe-clayed Plimsolls beside the sea; the rapture of the first yellow-and-black football jersey; the rapture of the corduroy cap, crowning me with the personality of a working-man. If I had been rich, I might have had more of these things. I might have had as many pairs of shoes as the company director or even as the company director's wife. I might have had pyjamas and lounge suits galore, and have worn a different pair of cuff-links on every day of the year. As it is, I hate even buying a new hat, and my present hat is as shabby as a millionaire's. A man must have some vices, but mine do not run to dress. I sometimes wish they did. I should then be able to enjoy going to have a new suit tried on at the tailor's.

Y. Y.

NO OBLIGATION

"It will be generally agreed that there is no . . . obligation upon the British Government to take any direct action in the present developments in Central Europe."—*Times*, March 14.

CZECHOSLOVAKIA meets her fate
Disarmed, enslaved and carved in three.
Though Britain guaranteed the State
No State exacts a guarantee
When it has ceased to be.

Through Munich, Prague, and yet beyond
Appeasement's path must be pursued;
Democracy need not despond
While Britain's word is still as good
As Hitler's bond.

Though tolerant in deed and word
Of Powers that murder, cheat and lie,
Our hands are clean, our purpose high,
And through the world our voice is heard—
Live and let die!

SAGITTARIUS

Miscellany

COUNTRY NOTES

Spring in Illyria

THE talented author of *Peking Picnic* once wrote a novel called *Illyrian Spring*. I thought it not one of her most successful works, if she will forgive me for saying so, but it remained settled in my mind for her descriptions of the flowers which leap from the rocks of the country we now call Dalmatia. I remember those passages at least once a year when my heart is torn between the desire to go south and the desire to remain in England. This moment occurs at any time between March the first and the end of April, and it coincides with the recollection that the Mediterranean flora must be beginning to put on its best. On a dead grey day, when nothing seems to be stirring and a small sour wind is mourning across the fields, I find myself seized with a desire to steal the motor-car out of the garage, drive myself to Dover, and embark on the first vessel which will put me within reach of the sunny flowery shores. All this, without saying a word to anyone. Just to disappear. To disappear suddenly, without any explanation. To go away; to vanish; to abandon all one's responsibilities and commitments; to live for a month given up to the pure pursuit of visual beauty. How great that beauty can be, how lavish that floral explosion, no one needs to be reminded who remembers the ruins of Greece pouring with wild flowers, the slopes of the Lebanon, the craggy coasts of Illyria.

The truth is that we all make the mistake here of expecting Spring to arrive earlier than it means to. The first buds and blossoms cause our hearts to run ahead in an anticipation which will not be fulfilled for at least a month later than we begin to expect it. Spring, in England, in a normal year (if such a thing exists) does not ostensibly show itself until the second fortnight of April. These occasional, deliciously tender days are the fairest of the year's delusions, though from year to year it is impossible to remain wisely sceptical. The first mild sunshine, the first morning with the missel-thrush singing on the top-most branch, and we are instantly persuaded that these things have come to stay. Thus although from December 1st to March 1st I can cheerfully endure the discipline of the English winter, comforting myself with the old belief that such harshness is good for the soul and compensated by the naked beauty it brings to those who have the eye to see, yet by March 1st I grow impatient. Surely Spring should not delay so long, when one has only to go elsewhere to find it?

The Flowery Shelf

Yet there are special considerations which reconcile me to the necessity for staying at home, and which indeed would make me reluctant in some ways to take my departure. These considerations are focused on a long narrow shelf in a cold greenhouse, where pans of diminutive Alpines are coming into flower. Here, at least, is a place where I can pretend that the year is a month older than it actually is. Very soon this shelf will be a solid pavement of colour. Already the earlier saxifrages are in flower; bright pinks and yellows much larger and more exuberant than the squabs of grey tufts which they so successfully dwarf. The whole point, I think, of the Alpines, as of certain people, is that in the rare moment of their blooming they transcend their tight habitual personality. They have something of the quality of the habitually silent reserved person who suddenly and without any warning exposes himself or herself in a single phrase of self-revelation, brief but beautiful. One knows it will not endure, but one has seen the light.

The light that the little Alpines expose is rare and exquisite and delicate. For that reason alone I maintain that they ought to be grown under glass. No one could possibly dislike forced flowers more than I do, but Alpines grown under glass in a cold house cannot be said to be artificially forced into flower before their time. One is merely protecting them from the smashes of rain and the splashes of mud which would destroy their particular beauty. The sensitiveness of Primula Winteri, for instance, battered by winds and rains, the mealy powdering of its leaves, the tenderness of its lavender petals—where would all these things be, delivered harshly to our winter weather?

The nicety, the extreme fragility, of these small things recalls the art of that great craftsman—great in a small way—the Russian Fabergé. He made jewelled flowers of jade, coral, quartz and pearls to adorn Edwardian drawing-rooms. An artist, he worked his small conceits in a manner suited only to the offensively rich people able to buy them. I am told that Fabergé plants command a high price in the market to-day. I would not exchange one of them against one of the real little pans I have flowering cheaply in my cold Alpine house.

Out in the open, too, life is stirring. There are two blackbirds so intent upon making a nest that I scarcely worry them

when I pass. The ring-doves cut past me on wings sharp as blades. They go scything through the air in a manner to slice off the almond blossom. So gentle and yet so sharp. Then they settle and coo, amorous as the Spring, tender as a girl newly in love.

V. SACKVILLE-WEST

THE MOVIES

"Topper Takes a Trip," at the Odeon
"Hard to Get," at the Warner
"Marthe Richard au Service de la France," at the Berkeley

THE cinema is often curiously reluctant to exploit its own particular powers. The possibilities of film fantasy, magic and terror were discovered by that brilliant pioneer Méliès and reached their climax in the great silent Ufa days, when pictures like *Caligari*, *Waxworks* and *The Student of Prague* attained at times a kind of strange, Gothic beauty. But since the introduction of the sound-track films have become increasingly realistic and matter-of-fact; a camera harnessed to dialogue which must never strain the intelligence or imagination of its dumbest potential audience is unlikely to adventure far into the world of fantasy or poetry. Talkie thrillers, like *The Invisible Man* or the Frankenstein series, are notably less alarming than their silent predecessors; and the vein of light-hearted fantasy is almost completely abandoned, except by Disney and Lubitsch—and Lubitsch is becoming yearly more realistic. Consequently, slight as it is, one welcomes the arrival of *Topper Takes a Trip*, which does something only trick photography could do but does it so neatly and tactfully that I was never badly bored and often highly entertained. Two giddy young socialites have a car smash and discover that their bodies are no longer perfectly opaque, in fact that they are dead. In order to qualify for some sphere of the other world (the film steers clear of theology) they must each perform a good action, and so they wander about the world, appearing or disappearing at will, and searching, like spectral Boy Scouts, for someone to help over a stile. We lose sight of George Kirby, but Marian (Constance Bennett), with her dog Mr. Atlas, attaches herself to a meek and respectable business man named Cosmo Topper (Roland Young). Her efforts to give him a good time merely get him into trouble, and even land him in the divorce court. Here I must pay a tribute to Billie Burke, who in the part of Mrs. Topper excels all her previous studies in good-natured imbecility, her every word proceeding from a wonderfully complete internal vacuum. Roland Young is also amusing, and the film enjoyable, provided you do not tire of the comic complications of invisibility (leads attached to invisible dogs, cars piloting themselves through the street, and so on). A scene in a bar is illuminated by the inspired stupefaction of Paul Hurst's bartender, and the latter part of the film gives Franklin Pangborn the best part of his career. Pangborn is the man with an egg-shaped head who always plays hotel managers with an invincible determination to close their doors on poverty, eccentricity and undesirability of all sorts. Of course he is always foiled, and I never tire of watching his lightning transitions from black and baffled rage to honeyed, abject servility as he turns from the undesirable to the desirable client. Of Hollywood's army of brilliant small part players he is perhaps the most consistently amusing.

Hard to Get is a cheerful farce about a spoilt rich girl who falls for a pushing young garage man who makes her behave and treats her rough; she likes it and pretends to be her own lady's maid and . . . oh, well, I needn't go on: we both know all the rules of this game. What saves the film is a faint, but quite perceptible, flavour of the *New Yorker* in its jokes about the world of big business. The leading tycoon has a forty-inch waist and a Blimp-like passion for exercise which leads him to indulge in a series of agonising bouts of this and that with his maddeningly superior valet; these contests, superlatively clowned by Charles Winniger and Melville Cooper, are almost worthy of the combined talents of Peter Arno and P. G. Wodehouse, and for their sake one endures the conventional complications in which Dick Powell and Olivia de Havilland (never my favourite stars) are tediously involved.

The less frivolous cinema this week is dull. The Berkeley has a spy drama based on the real adventures of Marthe Richard who, while a spy in San Sebastian during the war, exposed Mata Hari and outwitted whoever was the original of Erich von Stroheim. A good and an important subject (for as a result of her activities thousands of lives were saved from the U-boat danger) but directed with little feeling for style or reality and so poorly photographed that the incorporated cuts from news reels of America's entry into the war were less incongruous than one might have expected. Marthe Richard herself was present at the press show, and explained (what one might have guessed) that the German spy impersonated by von Stroheim, far from committing suicide to the accompaniment of romantic chords on a concert grand, was merely sent back to Berlin and reprimanded.

Wuthering Heights Corner.—"Since a great part of the action takes place during the violent winter for which Yorkshire is famous, Samuel Goldwyn's special effects department has been busy providing snow for his production of *Wuthering Heights*. According to Paul Widlicska, 'miracle man' in charge, two tons of untoasted cornflakes have been sprinkled, dumped and blown over actors and sets since the production's beginning."

PETER GALWAY

A BOY

IT is hard to tell this little story—it is so simple.

When I was a young lad I used to gather the children of our street on Sundays, in summer and spring—and take them to the fields, into the forest. I liked to live on friendly terms with these little people, gay as birds.

The children were glad to leave behind the dusty, stuffy streets of the town, their mothers supplied them with loaves of bread, I would buy some sweet lozenges, fill up a bottle of *kvass* and, as a shepherd, follow the carefree lambs through the town, across the fields, towards the green forest, beautiful and tender in its spring attire.

We usually left the town in the morning, while the church bells were ringing for early mass, accompanied by the sound of bells and clouds of dust, raised by the nimble feet of the children. At midday, when the day was at its hottest, having tired of play, my friends gathered at the edge of the forest; then, having eaten, the little ones went to sleep on the grass, in the shade of the bushes, while the older youngsters, assembling around me, begged to be told a story, and I did so, chattering with them as readily as they did with me. And often, in spite of the conceited self-assurance of youth and the funny pride in the insignificant knowledge of life which is so characteristic of it, I felt as a twenty-year-old child among wise men.

Over us spreads the cover of the eternal sky, in front of us the rich variety of the forest, buried in a wise silence, a breeze flutters past, a soft whisper rushes through, the aromatic shadows of the forest tremble and once again a blessed silence fills the soul.

White clouds swim slowly in the blue vastness of the sky; watched from the earth warmed up by the sun, the sky seems so cold and it is puzzling to see the clouds melt in it.

And around me all these fine little people, called to learn all the sorrows and the joys of life.

Those were my good days, they were real feasts, and my soul, already sufficiently sullied with the dark sides of life bathed and refreshed itself in the clear wisdom of childish thoughts and feelings.

One day, when I emerged from the town into the field with a crowd of children, we encountered a stranger—a little Jew, bare-footed, in a torn shirt, black-browed, slender and curly-

haired as a lamb. He was upset about something and had obviously just been crying, the lids of his lustreless black eyes were swollen and red, showing sharply on the bluish pallor of the hungry face. Butting into the crowd of children, he stopped short in the middle of the street, set his feet deeply and firmly in the cool morning dust, the dark lips of his well-shaped mouth opened up in fear—and in the next second he found himself, in one swift leap, on the pavement.

"Get hold of him!" the children shouted in a gay chorus, "the little Jew, get hold of the little Jew!"

I expected him to run, his thin, large-eyed face expressed fear, the lips trembled, he stood amidst the noise of the jeering crowd and pulled himself up, as though growing taller, pressing his shoulders to the hedge, his hands folded behind his back.

Then, suddenly, he said, very calmly, distinctly and primly: "Would you like me to show you a trick?"

I first understood this offer as a method of self-defence—the children at once were interested and drew away from him, only the elder and more brutal ones continued to look at him with suspicion and mistrust—our street was on bad terms with the children of other streets, they were firmly convinced in their own superiority and were not fond of noticing, in fact *did* not notice, the prerogatives of others.

The small ones treated the matter more simply.

"Come on, show it!"

The handsome, slender little boy drew away from the hedge, bent his thin little body backwards, touched the ground with his fingers and flinging up his legs, stood on his hands, saying:

"Up!"

And then whirled round, as though scorched by a flame, playing nimbly with his arms and legs. Through the holes of his shirt and trousers showed the greyish skin of his thin body, the shoulder-blades, knees and elbows protruded in sharp angles. And his collar-bones were like a harness. It seemed as though, if he bent once more, these thin little bones would crack and break. He sweated from his effort, the shirt on his back was all wet; after each exercise he peered into the faces of the children with an artificial, lifeless smile, and it was unpleasant to see his lustreless black eyes dilated, as if in pain, they flickered strangely and there was an unchild-like tension in the glance. The children encouraged him with loud cries, many of them were already imitating him, making somersaults in the dust, falling, shrieking from the pain caused by clumsy movements, from failures, successes, and envy.

But these merry moments came to an abrupt end when the boy, stopping his exercises in agility, looked at the children with the benevolent glance of the experienced artist, and said, stretching out his thin hand:

"Now, give me something."

They were all silent, and somebody asked:

"Money?"

"Yes," said the boy.

"That's a good one!"

"We might have done it just as well ourselves for money . . ."

This request provoked among the little audience a hostile and contemptuous attitude to the artist—the children walked on towards the field, laughing and cursing a little. They had none of them any money, of course, and I had only seven kopecks. I put the two coins into the dusty palm, the boy touched them with his finger and said with a good smile:

"Thank you."

He moved away and I saw that the shirt on his back was covered with dark stains and had stuck to the shoulder-blades.

"Wait, what is that?"

He stopped, turned round, looked at me intently and with the same good smile said quietly:

"That, on the back? We fell from a trapeze giving a performance at the fair during Easter—father is still in bed, but I am all right again."

I raised the shirt—on the skin of the back, from the left shoulder downwards to the thigh, stretched out a large dark scar, covered with a thick dry scab; during the exercises the scab had broken up in several places and scarlet blood spurted from the cracks.

"It doesn't hurt any more now," he said with a smile, "it doesn't hurt, it only itches . . ."

And bravely, as befits a hero, looking into my eyes, he continued in the tone of a serious, grown-up man:

"You think I was working for myself just now? Word of honour—no! My father—we haven't a farthing. And my father is badly injured. So you see, one's got to work. Also we are Jews and everybody laughs at us . . . Good-bye!"

He spoke with a smile, quite gaily, and then, giving me a nod with his curly head, he walked away quickly, past the gaping houses; they stared at him with glassy eyes, with deadly indifference.

All this is insignificant and simple, isn't it? But often in the hard days of my life I remembered the courage of this boy—with gratitude.

MAXIM GORKI.

(Translated by the Baroness Moura Budberg)

PLAYS AND PICTURES

"The Gate Revue," Ambassadors Theatre

One had imagined that the pent up satire behind the Gate so tightly locked by subscription and Censor, would burst out in vigorous flood when it was opened to the general public. Instead there is a lively ripple of entertainment, more ironical than biting, very bright but rather lackadaisical. The angular, eye-rolling Mr. Walter Crisham who bends and leaps like a versatile two-foot rule and whose suggestive dentures display every kind of egregiousness from Gunga Din's to the whine of the feelthy picture man down on his luck; Miss Joan Swinstead who screws a wry and spiteful question mark into all her portraits; and Miss Hermione Gingold with her essays on superfluity in the lives of usherettes, Girl Guides and crystal gazers—carry the show. And Mr. Eric Maschwitz gives them some amusing lines. There is variety and oddity. The company sneers with wit. Perhaps the most laughs went to Mr. Reginald Beckwith's strip tease act. Like Mr. Farjeon's fish mimic, he eclipsed everyone. It is difficult to imagine anyone quite so heroic and yet so furtive. One wants to see more of him. An embarassing dance about Vienna was the conspicuous flaw in a most amusing evening.

"Joy," at the Torch Theatre

Joy is one of Galsworthy's early plays, and it is a tribute to his technical competence that it still contrives to hold the interest though it has long ceased to stir the emotions. The theme—a daughter's oedipus complex versus her mother's *affaire* with a moustached man-about-town—requires Freudian (or Marxist) treatment to be really effective, and in Galsworthy's gentle hands it becomes a comedy of manners rather than a tragedy of passions. But if the central theme is handled unconvincingly, the subplot—a dear old colonel's fatal determination to invest in the man-about-town's rocky gold mine—is treated with the feeling it deserves, and all the characters, even the innocent Joy, show such a knowledgable interest in finance that one almost suspects that share-pushing, as well as painting and needlework, was included in the curriculum of an Edwardian young lady. The acting was always adequate and occasionally admirable. Miss Beryl Laverick made the most of Joy's charming gaucherie, Miss Winifred Willard was wholly delightful as the old governess and Mr. George Wray, as the Colonel, was as simple and muddled as Galsworthy could have desired. *Joy* was never an important play, but as long as there are gentle, lowbrow, English middle-class families it will remain a pleasant one.

Contemporary English Paintings at Wildenstein's

The general excellence of this exhibition is proved by the fact that it is not dominated by Pasmore; for Pasmore's panel of five pictures is what is vulgarly known as an "eye-opener." The *Still Life* (No. 49) would hold its own in any company; and justifies the opinion that his is the most considerable talent which

has appeared in England since Duncan Grant made his bow some thirty years ago. Yet Lawrence Gowing, showing in the next room, is not overwhelmed. At all events his landscape is not; and if the two other pictures disappoint, that may be because we expect too much. Gowing displays such adult capacity for expressing the ideas and emotions which fill his mind that one is tempted to forget that he has only just ceased to be a student. In fact he still has much to learn, and learn he will. Beside him hang three pictures by that interesting and uneven painter, Graham Bell. *Old Basing* is a work of great beauty, and possesses a poetical quality which one hardly expects from so intellectual a painter. Claude Rogers also is seen to advantage; his portrait and nude are amongst the best things in the show. Rogers is already a good painter, and something more: he has not quite found himself yet; when he does, he should be a very good painter indeed. Moynihan is apt to look a little slick and superficial in the very serious, not to say solemn, company of his friends; but there is no denying his talent: also he knows his job. It is always a pleasure to see pictures by Du Plessis: one only wishes he had more time for painting so that he could go deeper—for he could go deeper—and do himself complete justice. Ivon Hitchens, another artist one is glad to meet, is a little out of tune with the others. One suspects his three pictures were difficult to hang; the landscape is the best—a very happy, if not very profound, piece of work. Devas has improved.

One complaint. It is encouraging, as our critic pointed out last year, for a young or youngish artist, little known or not at all, to see his works arranged in a group and hanging beside those of good painters in a fine gallery. We had hoped it was Messrs. Wildenstein's plan to give such encouragement every year to one or two promising but neglected or unknown artists. Here, to be sure, are one or two names with which critics and amateurs are unlikely to be familiar; but it cannot be said that their exhibits are worthy of their surroundings. Assuredly, by taking pains Messrs. Wildenstein could have found better.

Joan Souter-Robertson and Henning Nyberg at the Storran Gallery.

Immediately one perceives that Miss Joan Souter-Robertson enjoys painting, and her pleasure is infectious. She looks at children and flowers and girls and transcribes her impressions in a language she has learnt from eminent Frenchmen. She is more felicitous, we consider, in her Bonnards than in her Renoirs, and this was to be expected—not only is Renoir's draughtsmanship less imitable but his sensibility is more specifically masculine. The most successful picture in the show is the large *Flower Shop*; *Le Petit Guignol* and *Yellow Flowers* are also very charming. The best of the Renoiresque pictures is *Sisters*. Miss Souter-Robertson's paint is as fresh as a daisy, and she never gives the impression of faking an emotion she has not experienced.

Mr. Henning Nyberg works in a Nordic style that jars upon eyes educated chiefly upon the painting of Italy and France. His colours are apt to be defiant, his brushwork rectangular, his effects boisterous. The portrait of a chef has a *bravura* that should be popular with admirers of Sargent and Orpen. The *Arum Lilies* and the *Cactus* are the happiest of his more exuberant paintings, but we prefer his quieter works, like the *Harlequin Fish* and *Black Iris*. If you enjoy the breezy and emphatic painting of the North, these pictures can be recommended as skilful and honourable.

THE COMING WEEK

SATURDAY, March 18th—
National Petition "for a New Peace Conference" Demonstration, Queens Hall, 7.45.

SUNDAY, March 19th—
C. E. M. Joad: "The Twilight of the Gods," Conway Hall, 11.
London Philharmonic Orchestra Concert, Covent Garden, 3.15.
Stage Society Production: "The Marriage of Blood," Savoy.
"To Be or Not to Be," production in aid of National Joint Committee for Spanish Relief, Phoenix.

MONDAY, March 20th—
Pat Sloan: "Soviet Policy and Its Critics," 67 Eton Avenue, 8.
Concert by the Latvian Choir, Queens Hall, 8.30.
Performance of "Joy," in aid of Spanish Relief, Torch Theatre.

TUESDAY, March 21st—
S. U. Etuk: "The Education of an African," Friends House, 1.20.
Prof. J. C. Flugel: "Anti-Semitism," Conway Hall, 7.
Sir Bernard Pares: "Czechoslovakia, Russia and the Crisis," Morley College, 8.
"What Next in Europe?" M.S.I. Conference, Conway Hall, 8.
Performance by Dance Centre Group, Apollo Place, Chelsea, 8.30.
"A Family Reunion," Westminster.

WEDNESDAY, March 22nd—
R. H. S. Crossman: "Democratic Education—Challenge and Response," Institute of Education, 5.30. And on March 23rd.
Sir E. John Russell: "Poland To-day, a Study in National Development," Birkbeck College, 8.15.
"The Man in Half Moon Street," New.

THURSDAY, March 23rd—
G. D. H. Cole: "Autarkie, or How They Do It in Germany," Livingstone Hall, 8.
Public Meeting on Spain. Speakers include Sir S. Cripps and Charlotte Haldane. St. John's Hall, Richmond, 8.15.
"Richard II," Sloane School, Chelsea.
"The Dancing Years," Drury Lane.

FRIDAY, March 24th—
National Parliament of Youth, Seymour Hall, Seymour Place, W.1. Particulars from 120A Chandos House, Palmer Street, S.W.1.

Correspondence

THE CONSEQUENCES OF "SOCIALISM FIRST"

SIR,—The memories of 1924 and 1931 are likely to prejudice the chances of a successful "United Front" for reasons which Mr. H. E. Bourne does not suspect. He apparently believes that Labour was defeated in those fateful years through stunts, through clever, dishonest electioneering dodges. He also believes that Liberals and "intellectuals" are peculiarly liable to be stampeded by such stunts. In the same way, staunch Tories still believe that the Unionists were defeated in 1905 by a lie about Chinese labour and misrepresentations of the big and little loaves. This is pure legend. The Unionists were defeated in 1905 because they deserved to be. Labour was defeated in 1924 and 1931 because the party asked for it. A party which thinks so meanly of the electorate cannot hope to regain its confidence, and so long as the Labour Party believes in this legend, Liberals and intellectuals are bound to despair of it.

I support Sir Stafford Cripps and his policy, because it is obviously the only hope of creating a more effective opposition to the present National Government. It also represents the only chance of securing for the nation an alternative administration. The nation has not forgotten 1931 and will not at the next election entrust its destiny to a Labour Government. But Labour supporters who entertain a mythical version of past defeats are likely to be deluded by false hopes of future victories.

Lane End, Bourneville, Birmingham. H. G. WOOD

SIR,—There can be no doubt that the decisive cause of the present terrible world situation was the breakdown of democracy in Germany. But have democrats in this country sufficiently realised why German democracy has been stamped out? This disaster is usually explained by the effects of the Treaty of Versailles or the Economic World Crisis. Some attribute it to alleged blunders of the German democratic parties and some even go so far to say that the German people has no desire or talent for democracy. All these explanations miss the essential point. The sincerely democratic forces in Germany were more numerous and stronger than is commonly assumed here. The Social Democratic and the Catholic Party were wonderfully organised and possessed many able leaders. Surely, they were fighting against heavy odds created by Versailles and the economic slump. Yet they would have overcome these difficulties but for the fact that a considerable part of the Socialists refused to co-operate with the democratic parties on the ground that this would infringe the principle of class-warfare and would be a betrayal of Socialism. They broke away from the Social Democratic Party because of its willingness to compromise with the "Bourgeois" and formed first the Independent Socialist Party and later the Communist Party. Their whole force was spent on a most violent and poisonous campaign against the Social Democrats. The result was that the ascent of the Nazi was greatly furthered. On the one hand, a considerable part of the middle classes was frightened by the "Red Danger" and Hitler most skilfully exploited this scare for his purposes. On the other hand, the Social Democrats were forced by the secession of the Com-

munists to seek the support of parties comprising many reactionary, anti-democratic elements. If the radical wing had not left the Socialist Party the democratic front would have been unshakable. Many English critics of the Social Democrats do not realise that frequently they were forced to act as they did because of unnatural alliances imposed upon them by the attitude of the Communists. The defence of democracy was fatefully hampered. Hitler, who was not a citizen of the Reich, could have easily been expelled and his illegal troops could have been dissolved if the Republican Government had not been dependent on the goodwill of elements who secretly sympathised with their worst enemies. Finally, the Republicans were even faced with the necessity of electing Hindenburg as President of the Reich, who soon after handed over the power to Hitler.

In Austria the position of the Socialists was much stronger than in Germany as there was no powerful nationalism striving to destroy democracy. At least 42 per cent. of all votes were cast for the Social Democrats and in the Town Council of Vienna they had a majority of two-thirds. Contrary to opinions widely held their policy was on the whole not a radical one. They were hardly more "left" than the British Labour Party. The social and cultural achievements of the Socialist administration of Vienna aroused admiration all over the world. How then was it possible that even this splendidly organised party was ruined? The reason was that the party refused to co-operate with other parties for the solution of the tremendous difficulties besetting the small republic. Immediately after the war the first Chancellor, Dr. Renner, a Social Democrat, inaugurated a coalition between all parties which worked quite successfully. Yet after a certain time the left wing among the Socialists brought this coalition to an end. This wing was led by Otto Bauer, who cherished the idea that the Socialist party would be able to win the majority in parliament without the support of other parties. The Christian Social Party which was led by Dr. Seipel was not opposed to a coalition at that time. However, repeated advances were rejected by the Socialists. Their attitude was not determined by a belief in revolutionary measures, but simply by tactical considerations. Things went quite differently from what Otto Bauer had assumed. Seipel had considerable success in reconstructing economic life with the financial help of the Western Powers and consequently was much less inclined to share the responsibility with the Socialists than before. The Socialists were faced with a Fascist movement financed by Mussolini. Yet the democratic forces among the Catholic peasants were still numerous, and it would perhaps have been possible to form a coalition again but for the influence of Bauer, who stuck to his conviction that the Socialists could win a majority alone. The end was the complete ruin of the Labour Movement and a Fascist government.

It would be easy to find further parallels for these events. Again and again the hope of winning power without having to share it has led Socialist leaders on a path which ultimately has ended in catastrophe. The Socialist Parties nowadays have no real chance of gaining such ascendancy in parliament that they could carry out their Socialist programme without the consent of other parties.

AUSTRIAN LIBERAL

POPULATION

SIR,—In your issue of March 4th Dr. Harry Roberts made several statements which invite comment. One was the suggestion that it would be a good thing if the population of England and Wales fell to the level at which it stood in his youth (about three-quarters of its present height).

In recent years many estimates of the future population of this country have been made; each estimate has to make assumptions of the probable trend of the birthrate, mortality rate, etc.; thus the results show considerable variation. The calculations of Dr. Enid Charles are some of the most important that have been made on this subject, and it so happens that on one set of assumptions she anticipates our population falling from its present 40 millions to 30 by 1981. This is exactly the change which Dr. Harry Roberts advocates.

Although our total population may then be almost indentical numerically with the 29 millions of the 1891 census, its composition will be vastly different. In 1891, 7 per cent. were *over* 60; in the 1980 estimate the proportion is 32 per cent. The numbers *under* 15 show an equally violent change from (35 per cent. in 1891 to 6 per cent. in 1980.

No wonder a correspondent in this week's issue looks "forward with apprehension to supporting by my labour this aged population." (Actually he will be one of the "aged" and his grandson among the thinning ranks of "supporters.")

Several factors control the age group in a nation, but the main difference between the 29 millions of 1891 and an anticipated 30 millions in 1980 is that at the former date the country's population was expanding and at the latter it will be contracting.

It is of course out of the question that our population should resume the expansionist phase of the nineteenth century, and so we cannot ever again have such a young nation as those steadily increasing numbers made possible. But do we want deliberately to saddle the future youth of the country with the burden of supporting an undue number of the aged which a rapidly declining population would bring about? I suggest that our aim should be to keep our numbers stable; this will not prevent the proportion of old people going up, but at least will not exaggerate it.

I will not attempt to discuss the economic, psychological and political results that are likely to accompany a declining population; they are a cause for apprehension rather than elation. Nor will I enlarge on the difficulties, when numbers have declined to an arbitrary 30 millions, of arresting the fall at that point. These are further considerations which make the policy I advocate desirable.

L. J. CADBURY

Northfield, Birmingham.

SIR,—I see that in your issue of March 4th Dr. Harry Roberts suggests that one solution to the problem of the falling birth-rate would be to "treat motherhood as honourable—not only within, but equally without, marriage."

Upon what grounds motherhood is thus *ipso facto* assumed to be honourable Dr. Roberts apparently does not deem it necessary to explain. Actually, however, the matter is by no means so self-evident. The widespread social disapproval of illegitimacy is based upon an instinctive recognition of the simple biological fact that the role of the male in reproduction does not end with the act of procreation, and that his offspring have a claim upon his care and support until they have arrived at an age when they may reasonably be expected to support themselves. The woman who, through ignorance or carelessness, disregards this natural and convenient arrangement, acts fairly neither to her child, to herself, nor to those who are thereby called upon to assume responsibilities which primarily and very properly belong to the father; and, as Dr. Roberts must be well aware, the instances in which a man is able to make adequate, let alone just, provision for his illegitimate offspring are so rare as to be, to all intents and purposes, quite negligible.

From this point of view I personally can see nothing particularly honourable in a woman's bearing a child which must inevitably become, one way or another, a burden to a number of people who are in no way responsible for its existence. That the overwhelming majority of women are instinctively of the same opinion is sufficiently attested by the very existence of the prejudice against the unmarried mother. Indeed, apart from "advanced circles" where, for aught I know, the bearing of illegitimate children may confer a spurious lustre upon otherwise undistinguished persons, the woman who honestly desires maternity without the concomitant security of marriage is either so exceptional as to be outside the bounds of ordinary argument, or so half-witted as to constitute a positive social menace.

Perhaps, however, Dr. Roberts is waiting for that "fundamental change in our socio-economic system" to usher in the day when neither socially nor economically shall a girl or woman be punished for bearing a child. But unless by this change Dr. Roberts means to advocate the complete abolition of individual parental responsibility, thereby destroying the fundamental *raison d'être* of the ordinary man and woman, I still do not see how we are to resolve the psychological difficulties of the child who finds himself with only half the normal number of parents, and the consequent social adjustments he is continually called upon to make in his relations with children in more fortunate circumstances.

Personally, I am ready to defend to the last ditch the right of a woman to refuse to bear children if she does not wish to do so; but at the same time I cannot admit that she has any right to exercise her purely biological function without any regard for its inevitable sociological consequences. To maintain otherwise is so much sentimental hokum which cannot be too often or too firmly dispelled.

J. M. HALFORD

British Columbia House,
1–3 Regent Street, S.W.1.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

SIR,—There is every reason for having lively political meetings and good demonstrations, but the object of the Trafalgar Square meeting was (1) to protest against the Government's action in recognising Franco and (2) to help Spain in her extremity.

From the plinth it appeared to me that whatever faults may have been committed by speakers the demonstration "We want Cripps" was more organised than spontaneous.

Your correspondent Mr. D. W. Smith is not, in my opinion, a good reporter of the proceedings. Dr. Edith Summerskill, who had undertaken the task of appealing for subscriptions to help Spain, was well received and her "humanitarian appeal" (Is this objected to?) brought in a rain of coins which she and I and others on the plinth had to dodge. Perhaps it would have been more melodramatic for Dr. Summerskill to have vituperated the dictators and demanded something politically dashing, but the object was not that kind of a demonstration but real help for Spanish people.

It is quite true also that my speech was not frenzied and that I did not demand "Arms for Spain." This is because this was not a part of the resolution or the object of the meeting and I wished to make some concrete and useful suggestions. My first emphasised proposal "No reprisals" was received with a burst of applause and I consider my reception was a good one given by serious people wanting to help and not primarily wanting to have an exciting time and demonstrate their political feelings.

House of Commons. L. HADEN GUEST

SIR,—"One of the Crowd" signs himself appropriately. Apparently he has never recognised the ability and loyalty with which the Hon. Member for West Walthamstow has served our Movement. Is a high standard of eloquence to be the only test for leadership? Have we not been deceived by this in the past.

V. L. McEntee, M.P., is approaching seventy years of age, and a finer example of manhood it would be difficult to find. His name is a household word in Walthamstow where for the past thirty or forty years he has worked steadfastly for the working-class movement. The early pioneering of Val McEntee has made it possible for us in Walthamstow to boast of pursuing a progressive municipal policy ever since the war. The Labour Party has had a majority continuously on the Borough Council since 1921. Deeds speak louder than words!

A. G. BOTTOMLEY

2 Sunnydene Avenue,
Highams Park, E.4.

THE GOVERNMENT OF LONDON

SIR,—The Corporation of the City of London deserves something better than the almost contemptuous reference contained in the article in your issue of last week under the heading of "The L.C.C. Jubilee." Those who, like the writer of the article, apparently claim to have some knowledge of the administration and government of our great city should surely take the trouble to inform themselves of the facts before making statements of this kind. Does the writer of the article appreciate that many thousands of workers spend a great portion of their lives in the City—that it is the centre of business and finance, and within its area are the Bank of England and the other great banks, and insurance companies, the Stock Exchange, Lloyd's, the Corn Exchange and the central markets of Billingsgate and Smithfield, also the Old Bailey, all of which are cared for by the City Corporation with a skill and efficiency which is the admiration not only of the country but the whole world?

Evidently your correspondent is not aware of the great work which the City Corporation has done and is doing for the education and betterment not only of those working in the City itself, but also for Greater London. The great City markets of Smithfield, Spitalfields, and Billingsgate—the administration of justice at the Central Criminal Courts at the Old Bailey—the great City bridges, London Bridge, Tower Bridge, Southwark Bridge, are all managed and controlled by Committees of the City Corporation. The City schools and hospitals including not only those within the City boundaries but outside such as Christ's Hospital, the great open spaces such as Epping Forest, Burnham Beeches and Coulsdon acquired at the expense, and by the foresight of the despised City Corporation, the great charitable work done by the City Corporation and the Mansion House are surely worthy of passing notice by anyone attempting to write about London and its administration. Only last week the City Corporation voted the sum of £50,000 towards the Rebuilding Fund for St. Bartholomew's Hospital, and a short time since a magnificent sum of £10,000 was given in like manner to London University. Is this the sort of thing that your correspondent considers is "ruling and dining" in the good old way? I have not yet had an opportunity of reading Dr. Robson's book, but after many years experience of London Government I am not convinced that his remedy of a single co-ordinating body with authority over the entire London region is a sound or workable one. Many of us consider that what is required is not more concentration but less, and that even the London County Council which your contributor, with reason, commends for its efficiency, is grossly overworked and is attempting to cope with problems and work which would better be left to some other authority. However, it is good to know that your contributor considers that many of the existing bodies carry out their tasks with a good deal of efficiency, and I can only hope that when he has had time to ascertain the facts he would be good enough to include the despised City Corporation in that number.

I write as one who has worked in the City for the past forty years, and has been a member of the City Corporation for many years past.

HERBERT. S. SYRETT

Guildhall, London, E.C.

BART'S

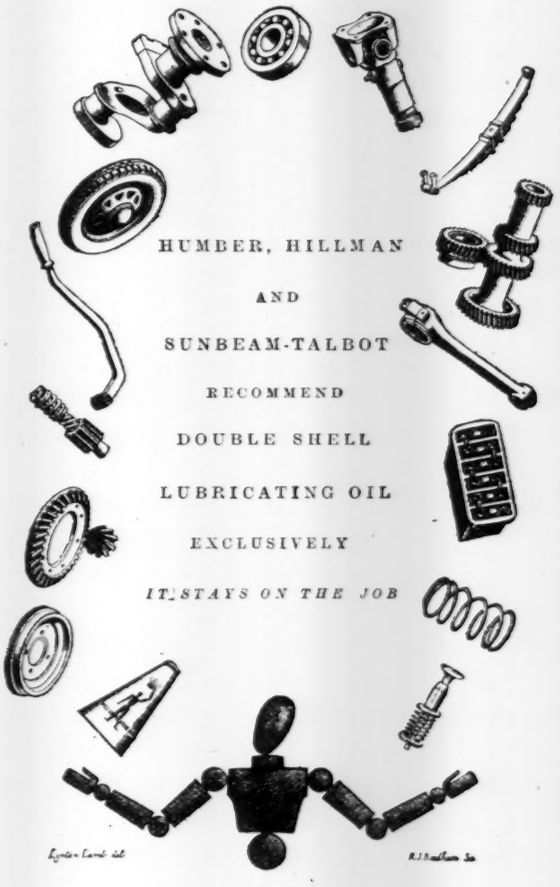
SIR,—For something like 700 years, by day and night, St. Bartholomew's Hospital has been rendering aid to the sick. It has been done without display, without fuss, and without fee.

It is a wonderful record. It is moreover a heartening sign of the Hospital's vitality and repute that it can claim to be the largest medical school in the country.

Under what many of us, myself included, would regard as a proper and self-respecting social system the community would do its duty by institutions like this as a matter of course, and it should not have to invoke the aid of a Mansion House Fund to finance its necessary rebuilding and equipment; but it is so, and we have to make the best of it.

May I be permitted, therefore, as one amongst the thousands who owe their training to St. Bartholomew's, to appeal through THE NEW STATESMAN AND NATION for support for the Fund that has been opened by the Lord Mayor.

They require to rebuild some of the ward blocks that were



munists to seek the support of parties comprising many reactionary, anti-democratic elements. If the radical wing had not left the Socialist Party the democratic front would have been unshakable. Many English critics of the Social Democrats do not realise that frequently they were forced to act as they did because of unnatural alliances imposed upon them by the attitude of the Communists. The defence of democracy was fatefully hampered. Hitler, who was not a citizen of the Reich, could have easily been expelled and his illegal troops could have been dissolved if the Republican Government had not been dependent on the goodwill of elements who secretly sympathised with their worst enemies. Finally, the Republicans were even faced with the necessity of electing Hindenburg as President of the Reich, who soon after handed over the power to Hitler.

In Austria the position of the Socialists was much stronger than in Germany as there was no powerful nationalism striving to destroy democracy. At least 42 per cent. of all votes were cast for the Social Democrats and in the Town Council of Vienna they had a majority of two-thirds. Contrary to opinions widely held their policy was on the whole not a radical one. They were hardly more "left" than the British Labour Party. The social and cultural achievements of the Socialist administration of Vienna aroused admiration all over the world. How then was it possible that even this splendidly organised party was ruined? The reason was that the party refused to co-operate with other parties for the solution of the tremendous difficulties besetting the small republic. Immediately after the war the first Chancellor, Dr. Renner, a Social Democrat, inaugurated a coalition between all parties which worked quite successfully. Yet after a certain time the left wing among the Socialists brought this coalition to an end. This wing was led by Otto Bauer, who cherished the idea that the Socialist party would be able to win the majority in parliament without the support of other parties. The Christian Social Party which was led by Dr. Seipel was not opposed to a coalition at that time. However, repeated advances were rejected by the Socialists. Their attitude was not determined by a belief in revolutionary measures, but simply by tactical considerations. Things went quite differently from what Otto Bauer had assumed. Seipel had considerable success in reconstructing economic life with the financial help of the Western Powers and consequently was much less inclined to share the responsibility with the Socialists than before. The Socialists were faced with a Fascist movement financed by Mussolini. Yet the democratic forces among the Catholic peasants were still numerous, and it would perhaps have been possible to form a coalition again but for the influence of Bauer, who stuck to his conviction that the Socialists could win a majority alone. The end was the complete ruin of the Labour Movement and a Fascist government.

It would be easy to find further parallels for these events. Again and again the hope of winning power without having to share it has led Socialist leaders on a path which ultimately has ended in catastrophe. The Socialist Parties nowadays have no real chance of gaining such ascendancy in parliament that they could carry out their Socialist programme without the consent of other parties.

AUSTRIAN LIBERAL

POPULATION

SIR,—In your issue of March 4th Dr. Harry Roberts made several statements which invite comment. One was the suggestion that it would be a good thing if the population of England and Wales fell to the level at which it stood in his youth (about three-quarters of its present height).

In recent years many estimates of the future population of this country have been made; each estimate has to make assumptions of the probable trend of the birthrate, mortality rate, etc.; thus the results show considerable variation. The calculations of Dr. Enid Charles are some of the most important that have been made on this subject, and it so happens that on one set of assumptions she anticipates our population falling from its present 40 millions to 30 by 1981. This is exactly the change which Dr. Harry Roberts advocates.

Although our total population may then be almost indentical numerically with the 29 millions of the 1891 census, its composition will be vastly different. In 1891, 7 per cent. were *over* 60; in the 1980 estimate the proportion is 32 per cent. The numbers *under* 15 show an equally violent change from (35 per cent. in 1891 to 6 per cent. in 1980.

No wonder a correspondent in this week's issue looks "forward with apprehension to supporting by my labour this aged population." (Actually he will be one of the "aged" and his grandson among the thinning ranks of "supporters.")

Several factors control the age group in a nation, but the main difference between the 29 millions of 1891 and an anticipated 30 millions in 1980 is that at the former date the country's population was expanding and at the latter it will be contracting.

It is of course out of the question that our population should resume the expansionist phase of the nineteenth century, and so we cannot ever again have such a young nation as those steadily increasing numbers made possible. But do we want deliberately to saddle the future youth of the country with the burden of supporting an undue number of the aged which a rapidly declining population would bring about? I suggest that our aim should be to keep our numbers stable; this will not prevent the proportion of old people going up, but at least will not exaggerate it.

I will not attempt to discuss the economic, psychological and political results that are likely to accompany a declining population; they are a cause for apprehension rather than elation. Nor will I enlarge on the difficulties, when numbers have declined to an arbitrary 30 millions, of arresting the fall at that point. These are further considerations which make the policy I advocate desirable.

L. J. CADBURY

Northfield, Birmingham.

SIR,—I see that in your issue of March 4th Dr. Harry Roberts suggests that one solution to the problem of the falling birth-rate would be to "treat motherhood as honourable—not only within, but equally without, marriage."

Upon what grounds motherhood is thus *ipso facto* assumed to be honourable Dr. Roberts apparently does not deem it necessary to explain. Actually, however, the matter is by no means so self-evident. The widespread social disapproval of illegitimacy is based upon an instinctive recognition of the simple biological fact that the role of the male in reproduction does not end with the act of procreation, and that his offspring have a claim upon his care and support until they have arrived at an age when they may reasonably be expected to support themselves. The woman who, through ignorance or carelessness, disregards this natural and convenient arrangement, acts fairly neither to her child, to herself, nor to those who are thereby called upon to assume responsibilities which primarily and very properly belong to the father; and, as Dr. Roberts must be well aware, the instances in which a man is able to make adequate, let alone just, provision for his illegitimate offspring are so rare as to be, to all intents and purposes, quite negligible.

From this point of view I personally can see nothing particularly honourable in a woman's bearing a child which must inevitably become, one way or another, a burden to a number of people who are in no way responsible for its existence. That the overwhelming majority of women are instinctively of the same opinion is sufficiently attested by the very existence of the prejudice against the unmarried mother. Indeed, apart from "advanced circles" where, for aught I know, the bearing of illegitimate children may confer a spurious lustre upon otherwise undistinguished persons, the woman who honestly desires maternity without the concomitant security of marriage is either so exceptional as to be outside the bounds of ordinary argument, or so half-witted as to constitute a positive social menace.

Perhaps, however, Dr. Roberts is waiting for that "fundamental change in our socio-economic system" to usher in the day when neither socially nor economically shall a girl or woman be punished for bearing a child. But unless by this change Dr. Roberts means to advocate the complete abolition of individual parental responsibility, thereby destroying the fundamental *raison d'être* of the ordinary man and woman, I still do not see how we are to resolve the psychological difficulties of the child who finds himself with only half the normal number of parents, and the consequent social adjustments he is continually called upon to make in his relations with children in more fortunate circumstances.

Personally, I am ready to defend to the last ditch the right of a woman to refuse to bear children if she does not wish to do so; but at the same time I cannot admit that she has any right to exercise her purely biological function without any regard for its inevitable sociological consequences. To maintain otherwise is so much sentimental hokum which cannot be too often or too firmly dispelled.

J. M. HALFORD

British Columbia House,
1–3 Regent Street, S.W.1.

TRAFALGAR SQUARE

SIR,—There is every reason for having lively political meetings and good demonstrations, but the object of the Trafalgar Square meeting was (1) to protest against the Government's action in recognising Franco and (2) to help Spain in her extremity.

From the plinth it appeared to me that whatever faults may have been committed by speakers the demonstration "We want Cripps" was more organised than spontaneous.

Your correspondent Mr. D. W. Smith is not, in my opinion, a good reporter of the proceedings. Dr. Edith Summerskill, who had undertaken the task of appealing for subscriptions to help Spain, was well received and her "humanitarian appeal" (Is this objected to?) brought in a rain of coins which she and I and others on the plinth had to dodge. Perhaps it would have been more melodramatic for Dr. Summerskill to have vituperated the dictators and demanded something politically dashing, but the object was not that kind of a demonstration but real help for Spanish people.

It is quite true also that my speech was not frenzied and that I did not demand "Arms for Spain." This is because this was not a part of the resolution or the object of the meeting and I wished to make some concrete and useful suggestions. My first emphasised proposal "No reprisals" was received with a burst of applause and I consider my reception was a good one given by serious people wanting to help and not primarily wanting to have an exciting time and demonstrate their political feelings.

House of Commons. L. HADEN GUEST

SIR,—"One of the Crowd" signs himself appropriately. Apparently he has never recognised the ability and loyalty with which the Hon. Member for West Walthamstow has served our Movement. Is a high standard of eloquence to be the only test for leadership? Have we not been deceived by this in the past.

V. L. McEntee, M.P., is approaching seventy years of age, and a finer example of manhood it would be difficult to find. His name is a household word in Walthamstow where for the past thirty or forty years he has worked steadfastly for the working-class movement. The early pioneering of Val McEntee has made it possible for us in Walthamstow to boast of pursuing a progressive municipal policy ever since the war. The Labour Party has had a majority continuously on the Borough Council since 1921. Deeds speak louder than words! A. G. BOTTOMLEY

2 Sunnydene Avenue,
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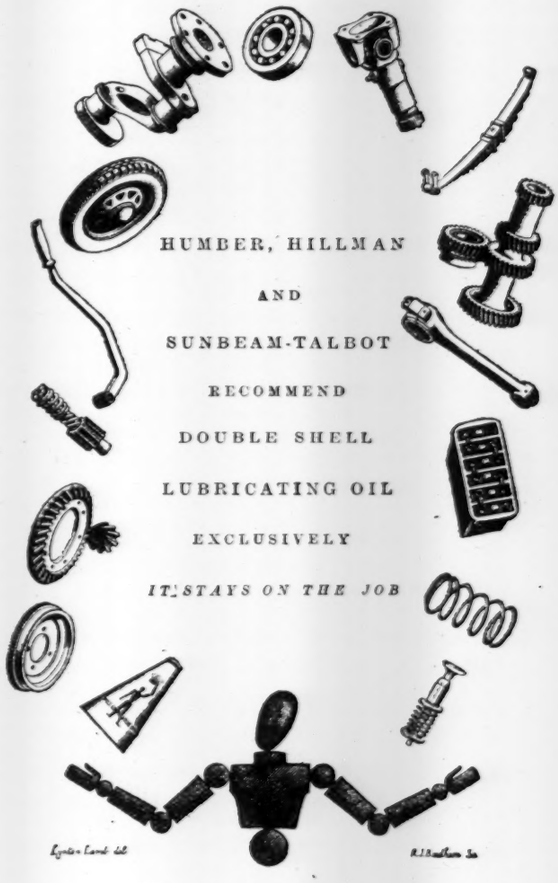

built 200 years ago and which, despite repeated "improvements," simply cannot be made up to date as they are, and must be rebuilt. They badly need also a new home for additional nurses and, finally, a block of wards where people of moderate means can get modern attention at reasonable fees. The whole scheme is estimated to cost £650,000, and the opening dinner at the Mansion House on January 30th started it off with £58,500.

We have had many appeals lately for outside purposes that were most deserving, so that no apology is needed for recommending this one in the heart of our capital city. If any of your readers therefore feel able to support it, will they please send their contributions to the Lord Mayor at the Mansion House, or to the Treasurer (Mr. George Aylmer) at St. Bartholomew's Hospital, E.C.1. ADDISON

Coombe Cottage, Butlers Cross.

THE U.L.F.

SIR,—It is with some hesitation that we make this appeal on behalf of the University Labour Federation. At a time when the needs of Spain, China and refugees make so urgent a call for support, the student Socialist movement can only appeal to a section of those who may generally be called the "progressive" people. But we have a duty to perform which is of the utmost importance. In Germany, Italy and France, the universities have in the past been a strong centre of reaction and Fascist influence; in 1926 British students helped to break the General Strike. It is our task and our hope to see the youth of the British universities emulating the actions of the Chinese and Spanish students and playing their proper part in the culture and life of the people.

The youth of our country are rising to an understanding of their own responsibilities; the meetings and demonstrations of 10,000 Pilgrims are evidence of their desire to work for peace and true democracy. In this work the student has a part to play.

Every year young men and women are leaving the universities and training colleges and are entering the professions—teachers, doctors, lawyers artists and writers already won for the Socialist movement by the U.L.F. With a membership of over 3,500, affiliated clubs in 45 universities and colleges, a central office, and two full-time officers our expenditure is increasing daily. While it is clear that we must eventually make ourselves self-supporting, at the moment we are in a transition period. We appeal to all graduates, to professional people and to all those who look to the safeguarding of intellectual and cultural freedom to help us in our work.

Please send donations to the Treasurer, the U.L.F., 37 Gt. James Street, W.C.1.

ARTHUR GREENWOOD, President
JOHN PARKER, J. D. BERNAL } Vice-Presidents
GERALD CROASDELL, Chairman

JOHANNESBURG ADMINISTRATION

SIR,—My attention has been drawn to a review of Mr. Maud's book, *City Government: The Johannesburg Experiment*, which appeared in your issue of the 31st December, 1938. By concentrating exclusively on the adverse criticisms made by Mr. Maud, your reviewer has succeeded in giving a very biased and one-sided presentation of our municipal government. He makes no mention of our positive achievements in local government, housing, public health, and the like, and he appears to be totally unaware of our present schemes of social amelioration to improve the health, wealth and happiness of the whole community.

Local government in Johannesburg, as elsewhere, suffers from many defects. By inviting Mr. Maud to write our municipal history, we asked a competent observer to record our faults and achievements. He has done both and we are thankful for his keen analysis of an institution which has developed in Johannesburg since 1886, and which he calls "an efficient instrument for practising the art of self-government."

I take, Sir, exception to the review not merely on the ground that it is all shadows and no light, but to the positively misleading statements of your reviewer, such as, "whether we turn to slum-clearance, etc. . . . we find the same story of white exploitation combined with callous neglect," and to his conclusion that "integrity is impossible—for long—in such a society." (The South African Society).

Your reviewer is propagating misleading statements about a country of which he appears to be profoundly ignorant. More—and this is the reason for writing my letter—the statements are intended for the consumption of the intellectuals and those who shape public opinion in Great Britain. This has vicious consequences. For, if the persons responsible for spreading a proper understanding of the problems facing the British Commonwealth of Nations do not themselves understand these problems, the task of promoting friendly co-operation and a sense of unity in the British Commonwealth becomes well-nigh impossible. . . . .

To the Union has been given the great task of leadership in the African continent and of embracing a positive pan-African policy. But this task becomes difficult and ultimately impossible if we cannot establish a friendly understanding and co-operation with Great Britain. Statements such as appeared in your review do nothing but a disservice to such a cause. For by giving a misleading and distorted picture of our economy and of the conception of our duties in the African continent they discourage investment and migration to Africa. JNO. J. PAGE,

Office of the Mayor, Mayor
Johannesburg.

[Our reviewer writes: In the very small space available, I indicated those points of Mr. Maud's book which were most likely to interest an English reader, namely, the Native question and the rating system, and I was careful to explain that the blackness of the picture was due not to the City Government of Johannesburg but to the unusual candidness of the author and the difficulties of the problems which face any administration in S. Africa. In a review I could not give the comprehensive picture of S. Africa which Mr. Page desires, and I beg him to remember that I was recommending a book to which he himself gives the highest praise. ED., *N. S. & N.*]

MUSSET'S DRAMA

SIR,—It would be interesting to learn on what grounds your dramatic critic bases his opinion that Alfred de Musset was a great poet but not a great dramatist.

While Musset's poetry at times touches great heights—for instance, in the sonnet that recently formed the subject for your weekly competition and, possibly, in "La Nuit de Décembre"—it is nevertheless vitiated in the main by maudlin and sometimes false sentiment. In Musset's drama this fault is quite absent, and it is surely as a dramatist that Musset outshone his two contemporary rivals and merits the greatest attention to-day. Vigny's best-known drama, "Chatterton," is now unworthy of serious consideration, being nothing more than a late echo of the eighteenth-century bourgeois drama unsuccessfully revived by traces of local colour and by infusion of one of Vigny's favourite themes, namely, the place of the poet in society; Victor Hugo's plays are even less interesting, except as spectacle or for their passages of lyric poetry. I suggest that Musset alone of the French Romantics was a greater dramatist than poet; he alone fully captured the "grotesque" that Hugo admired in Shakespeare, and he wrote in "Lorenzaccio" the only great tragedy of the Romantic school.

In comedy—a genre foreign to the Romantics—Musset's achievements were even greater. He carried farther the delightful but undramatic fantasy of Marivaux by adding a touch of tragic realism and yet retained the objectively universal and timeless appeal of the archetype, the "ideale Ferne" that is not to be found in Hugo or Vigny and the lack of which leaves so much of the work of the French Romantic school buried in the age that produced it. H. SWINTON LEE

Oriel College, Oxford.

ACADEMIC REFUGEES

ON February 25th we published a letter from Miss Olivia Price which alleged that certain German Jewish refugees had been turned out of Russia as Nazi German spies. On inquiry we find that there was no basis whatever for Miss Price's statement. We learn that these men were not even accused of espionage; only in one case was there an inquiry and in that case the allegation was shown to be without substance. We regret the publication of this careless statement, even in a letter with which we were in no way identified ourselves, and we sincerely apologise for any pain we may have caused to the refugees in question, whose welfare this paper has very much at heart and on whose behalf we had just published an appeal.

Miss Olivia Price associates herself unreservedly with this apology and these expressions of regret.

Current Literature

BOOKS IN GENERAL

I wander thro' each charter'd street
Near where the charter'd Thames does flow
And mark in every face I meet
Marks of weakness, marks of woe.

IN a translation published a dozen years ago these lines were rendered in French as :

J'erre à travers chaque rue putassière
Près des rives de la putassière Tamise,
Je vois un signe sur chaque visage ;
Signe de faiblesse, signe de douleur.

The power of the poem, in the subsequent verses, is remarkably well indicated. But the choice of the word *putassière* is peculiar. The translator, who knew English well, obviously must have said to himself : " chartered means licensed, *ergo* full of licensed houses " and he used *putassière* to suggest them. He was wildly wrong. Yet the O.E.D. quotes this passage of Blake as an example of the use of *chartered* to mean *licensed*. Most people would prefer, I think, to define it as something like *anciently privileged*. I have recalled this example of a translator using too much intelligence as it seems to me a good illustration of the kind of difficulty which the English language offers, owing to its richness and lack of sharply defined outline. Even Harrap's *French and English Dictionary*, edited by J. E. Mansion, of which *Part Two—English-French* (Harrap, £3 3s.) has just been published, provides little help, though it gives as examples of the chartered, a company, a bank and a libertine : *compagnie à charte, banque privilégiée, un fantasque à qui l'on permet tout*. The merits of literal translation, particularly in poetry, are exemplified in these translations of Blake. Better examples for an Englishman to judge are contained in the rare little book containing Arthur Waley's first experimental translations from the Chinese. They preserve the directness, economy of image, and force, which one is convinced belong to the originals. In fact, wherever the thought is poetic and the words are simple literal translation can be a great help to appreciation. Its ludicrous dangers in unskilful hands are illustrated in the case of a story, I believe by John Buchan, about some kind of eerie vampire which lay in wait for its victims as they left their dwellings and which was called *The Watcher on the Threshold*. The French translator proudly suggested *Le Concierge* for the title ! In one of my books I wrote of " a fleabitten white pony," and was grieved to find it inviting compassion as " *un poney rongé de vermine*." Harrap's dictionary here gives the wholly delightful *gris truité*, as well as *étourneau*. A dapple grey is given as *gris pommelé*. Another line in M. Philippe Soupault's translations of Blake gave me pause :

What dread hands and what dread feet
Quelle terrible main, quels terribles pieds ?

Harrap's dictionary here gives *terrible, redoutable, vénérable, auguste*. The idea of dread is absent from these and apparently cannot be rendered into French at all. There are innumerable words in each language with slightly different meanings for which exact equivalents cannot be found. The odd thing is that certain very simple ideas are absolutely untranslatable. One cannot say accurately in French : *Brighton is my real home* (*Je me sens vraiment chez moi à Brighton*). *The water is rather shallow here* (*L'eau n'est pas très profonde de ce côté-ci*). Yet strangely enough it is not these missing words that each country borrows from the vocabulary of the other, but those which seem new or smart. The French take words like *stock* for no apparent reason, work them to death, and transform their meanings until we begin to take them back again. *Stockist*, I believe, is borrowed from the French. The best example of such an exchange I know is the score *Love* in tennis, which has been borrowed by French players to-day from the English, to replace *Zéro*. But the derivation of *Love* is *l'oeuf*, the nickname used by French players of tennis in the seventeenth century for the round figure nought.

* * *

The second volume of Harrap's dictionary contains 1,488 pages and some 88,000 entries compared with the 58,000 in Part One. Together they form by far the greatest dictionary of the kind. The publishers boast that every phrase has been translated into modern idiom and that the archaism of dictionaries compiled from each other has been done away with. So far as I have tested it this claim seems justified, though just occasionally the original, forgotten meaning is included and the later one left out. Thus a French reader of Siegfried Sassoon's *Memoirs of an Infantry Officer* who looked up the word *Cameronian* would be puzzled to find the word followed by the abbreviations *Rel. H. Caméronien, -ienne*, and it would need more research than he could probably give to track the Cameron regiment of Highlanders which was originally recruited from the survivors of the sectarian followers of Richard Cameron who were amnestied after the accession of William III. Of the other kilted Highland regiments the Black Watch is mentioned, the Gordons, and the Argyll and Sutherland Highlanders are left out. On the other hand, Harrap's Dictionary includes all the ordinary Scottish words I have been able to think of except the *skean dhu*. The definition of *claymore : grand sabre à deux tranchants* (*des Ecossais*) is archaic. Those quoted at the Army and Navy Stores have only one cutting edge.

* * *

I have tested the dictionary with regard to the terms used in angling and have found no omission. I have also tested the translations of all the common wild plants belonging to the natural order *Rosaceae* and have found them all correctly given. This seems to me extraordinary, as most dictionaries are absolutely untrustworthy about plants and animals. On the other hand, the only light thrown on the *endive, chicorée, scarole* mix-up is that what is chicory in England is endive in America and *vice versa*. No help is given with regard to the vegetable marrow, which is described both as *courge* and *courgette*, though I have yet to realise my dream of growing a true *courgette* in England. Scallion, a word only used to-day by country people, is given as (a) *ciboule, dial* (b) *échalote*. The word ordinarily means the green tops of onions, or chives. A dictionary of this size induces a proper feeling of humility on the part of the reviewer. For one word of which I am certain of the French there are hundreds I either do not know, or of which I am not sure. And there are scores of English words which I have met here for the first time. *Baccivorous, bradypepsia* and *bradypod, brentid, bruchus*, and *brumbie* are examples which it is possible I shall first meet on the lips of a Frenchman. Occasionally when the word is the same in English and in French it is impossible to find out whether all senses in which it is used are included. For example, can the French word *navigation* be used in the English meaning of a navigable stretch of water, as in the phrase : " the Ouse up to Bedford is an ancient navigation."

* * *

Harrap's Dictionary hits off popular and slang phrases with great felicity. *A big pot in the business world* is rendered as *manitou des affaires*. Something better than *C'est un malin, c'est un rusé* seems called for by *He's a downy bird*. I was disappointed to find that the delightful phrase : *He's the cat's whiskers* has not got a place, and it is tempting to try absurd literal renderings of one's own. *Il est à l'égal des moustaches de mistigri* is guaranteed to baffle any Frenchman and may cause him considerable torment. A reference to Harrap's Dictionary will reveal *Cat's whisker* under *Wireless Telephony, Archaic. Spirale métallique, chercheur* (*du détecteur*) and this may be introduced to cause further confusion. You can then refer him to the almost archaic but not quite synonymous form : *He's the cat's pyjamas*. Harrap's Dictionary is both whiskers and pyjamas, and will receive the gratitude and more dignified blessings of generations of scholars and readers of French and English.

DAVID GARNETT

THE ROAD TO RUIN

The Survey of International Affairs, 1937. By ARNOLD TOYNBEE, assisted by V. M. BOULTER. *Oxford.* 2 vols. 43*s.*

A Short History of International Affairs, 1920-1938. By G. M. GATHORNE-HARDY. *Oxford Press.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

It is difficult to over-estimate the importance of the study of contemporary politics that is given to the world each year by Mr. Toynbee and his colleagues at Chatham House. These volumes have two qualities. They present the conclusions of men of special knowledge who have followed events in this or that part of the world with close attention. At the same time they illuminate the whole field of politics with the reflections of a historian whose capacity for throwing events against a vast background has given a unique distinction to his work. For Mr. Toynbee watches and judges what is happening to-day with a mind that moves easily over great distances in time and space. The tone of this series was set by that remarkable essay, "The World After the Peace Conference," which Mr. Toynbee published in 1925 as a prologue to the series. Anybody who has read that brilliant discussion of the shifting balance of forces between Power and Power, continent and continent, sea and sea, will agree with Mr. Fisher that Mr. Toynbee's sense of historical values distinguishes these surveys from all others.

The two new volumes are specially interesting. Writers well known for their important contributions to earlier volumes, like Professor Fisher, Mr. Hubbard, and Mr. Macartney discuss world economics, the Far East, the Danubian countries, and other topics. Palestine, the Mediterranean, Egypt and Poland, the status of Belgium and the relations of Italy and Jugoslavia all are among the other subjects of the first volume. The second volume is given up entirely to Spain.

The Spanish volume, which begins with a valuable and characteristic discussion of the "Spanish Social Landscape," is an apt sequel to the opening chapter of the first volume on "The League of Nations and the Anti-Comintern Triangle." The British and French failure over Spain is the result of their failure at Geneva, or rather it is a symptom of the disease that showed itself in their treatment of the League. If they had succeeded at Geneva there would have been no Spanish problem. Their failure over the League made the international problem created by the Spanish revolt infinitely more difficult, and they made again the same mistakes that they had made at Geneva. Hence the collapse of the whole system. Some day the system must be restored and it is important therefore to see why it broke down.

Mr. Toynbee argues that the support of the League was the natural and logical policy for Great Britain.

> The secret of Great Britain's success in the competition between the Great Powers of the Western World had lain in her constant concern, and her singular ability, to make her own national interests harmonise with the general interests of the international society of which she was a member. The British Empire overseas might be regarded as a gratuity which Great Britain had received from the majority of the States of Europe for assisting them to preserve the balance of power against the ambitions of a succession of Great Powers which had been tempted, each in its turn, to grasp at the alluring prize of an oecumenical supremacy.

The Great War marked the end of this phase. Great Britain's power to provide what Mr. Toynbee calls a "rudimentary world order" was exhausted. The task was now too great for her strength. The League of Nations then might be looked upon as a new Power in the world designed to provide such an order. But few British politicians grasped the implications of this truth. Many Conservatives indeed regarded the League as a pacifist fantasy, whereas, as Mr. Churchill showed, they ought to have thrown themselves into its defence as an institution specially essential to British policy. The Left politicians on their part were lacking in realism, for "they advocated a policy of fulfilling the Covenant up to a maximum, while at the same time advocating a policy of reducing armaments to a minimum, with little regard to the military aspect of British international obligations." The Left politicians might say in self-defence that their policy was defeated by the failure of Mr. MacDonald's Government over disarmament. Mr. Toynbee has argued in an earlier volume that Mussolini had meant originally not to make war on Abyssinia, but gradually to acquire in that country the position France had acquired in Morocco, and that he changed his mind when Hitler announced his intention to rearm. He thought then that he had to work to a time limit and substituted violence for penetration. The Abyssinian war was thus the consequence of the failure of disarmament. Still most people would agree that the Left politicians were much too slow to realise the position created by that failure, and that they had been rash to count on its success. The French, for their part, treated the League as a plan for "perpetuating, to Germany's disadvantage, a peace settlement which, on all precedents, was bound to be transitory" and they showed not the slightest interest in the League in any larger sense.

With the two Western Powers in this state of mind the victories of Japan and Italy were inevitable. Mr. MacDonald, Lord Baldwin, Sir John Simon and Sir Samuel Hoare, M. Flandin and M. Laval paralysed the League.

For what was wrong from beginning to end with the conduct of the Western Powers was that it was half-hearted and insincere. This was true of their treatment of disarmament, of Manchuria, and of Abyssinia. At the beginning of the Abyssinian affair Sir Arthur Salter made a very wise suggestion. It was that the British Government should propose to France that the two Powers should support the policy of putting immediate pressure on Mussolini on the sea. France should be told that if she would not co-operate Great Britain would not act alone, but that in that case Great Britain would have to reconsider her whole attitude to collective security. France wanted to have the benefits of collective security without the inconveniences. If this course had been followed, M. Laval would have had to come out into the open. The League was ruined because France and England undermined it.

The real question at issue for Europe was whether the League was strong enough to provide the basis of a world order. If the Western Governments had seen it in that light they would have put the League first, for they would have seen that their security depended on its success. As they put it second to their tactical view of their own separate interests, for the Stresa front seemed to them more important than the vindication of the League, they adopted the policy of insincere sanctions which was much worse for the League than a policy of inaction. From that time it became clear to Italy and Germany that the Western Powers were afraid of them. Having made this mistake over Abyssinia they repeated it over Spain. Mr. Toynbee's account of the working of Non-Intervention makes this very clear. The Western Governments were really embarking on another experiment in collective control when they proposed non-intervention. Whether that experiment was wise or foolish is a question on which opinions may differ. But one thing is certain. Nothing could have been worse then a second insincere experiment. In the first place, an insincere experiment was a gross injustice to the Spanish Government, who soon found themselves being treated as Abyssinia had been treated. Both of them were disarmed by the Western Powers in the name of a general principle and then the principle was betrayed. In the second place, nothing was more certain to confirm the Axis Powers in their impression that Great Britain and France were afraid of them, and to destroy whatever was left in Europe of confidence in Western leadership. Mr. Toynbee's volume ends before the final scandal, for it was in February, 1938, that Mr. Chamberlain explained that the open breach of all his promises by Mussolini was no reason why he should not be given special favours by Great Britain. He was, in fact, rewarded for those breaches by the recognition of his conquest of Abyssinia.

It is probable that public opinion in Great Britain was ahead of the Government and that a bolder policy would have been supported. In the United States, unfortunately, the Government had to face a very backward and reluctant public opinion, and Mr. Toynbee tells the melancholy story of the contrast between the outspoken condemnation of Japan by President Roosevelt in his Chicago speech of October 5th, 1937, and the painfully weak action of the American delegates at the Brussels Conference. American opinion had asserted itself against the President's bold statesmanship. Mr. Toynbee's lively comment is well worth quoting both for its own sake and also because it illustrates the freedom and impartiality of his judgments.

> At this crisis in the world's affairs, British and American statesmen apparently did not aspire to go down to history as the men who had won for Mankind an inestimable boon by establishing a reign of international law and order. . . . The spectacle of international anarchy moved them not to try to put an end to it but simply to try to keep out of it; and in their eager anxiety to make sure of avoiding a hero's death they took flight from Brussels in November, 1937, as ignominiously as Jos. Sedley had fled from the same city in June, 1815, at the intimidating sound of the guns of Waterloo.

Mr. Gathorne-Hardy's new edition (brought up to date) of his admirable sketch of post-war history will be widely welcomed.

J. L. HAMMOND

NEW NOVELS

The Wild Palms. By WILLIAM FAULKNER. *Chatto and Windus.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

No Star is Lost. By JAMES T. FARRELL. *Constable.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Pebble in the Stream. By WALTER SCHLEE. *Cresset Press.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Grandma Called it Carnal. By BERTHA DAMON. *Michael Joseph.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

Mr. Faulkner is essentially a classical writer. He is not (to borrow Mr. Connolly's classification) a Mandarin, though he occasionally produces passages as complex as Proust or as stylised as the Anglo-Saxon Chronicle, but his themes are as broad as those of the classical tragedies from which they often derive, and his characters are as much the puppets of their own passions as their Greek prototypes were the playthings of the Furies. Because his literary nursery was post-war America Mr. Faulkner seems enslaved to the damn-all individualism and verbose inarticulacy that was the characteristic disease of the period, but in mood he is nearer to O'Neill than to the tough-guys, and at heart belongs to that classical tragic tradition that has produced so much of the West's greatest drama and poetry.

The Wild Palms, though in many respects typical of Mr. Faulkner, does not show him at his best. To begin with it is a "trick" novel in which two entirely separate stories progress side by side in alternating chapters with no other relationship than what the blurb rather weakly describes as "the orchestration of two major themes—flight and refuge"; and in the second place, in his endeavour to equate the force of nature with that of the emotions he has rather over-estimated the latter. The minor of the two stories, *The Old Man*, is set in the Mississippi Floods of 1927 and describes how a childish-minded convict unwittingly escapes in the confusion and is swept for days through a nightmare of wind and water in a small boat with a pregnant woman from whom he shrinks with all the horrified nausea of neurosis and delayed adolescence. In such a theme, where his leading figure is almost half-witted and the elemental forces that control him are the concrete furies of storm and flood, Mr. Faulkner has no chance of indulging in conversation or philosophy and is at his melodramatic and overwhelming best. The vast murmur of the flood, the ant-like impotence of the squads toiling at flimsy dykes, the sudden, shocking glimpse of a burning house flaring like a candle in the midst of a waste of waters are the raw material of impersonal tragedy in which the personal oddities of the convict seem as natural and unimportant as the wave-tossed antics of a drowned sheep. Freed from the bounds of human reaction Mr. Faulkner is as tumultuous and moving as Wagner. *The Old Man* is superb play on a single terrific emotion.

The second story is far less successful. This time it is a young doctor and a married woman driven into flight and penury by their overwhelming lust for each other. We are, I take it, intended to consider their passion as resistless as the floods with which it alternates, and the effect of the story must depend on how far one accepts this first premise. Personally, I couldn't believe it at all. We are given sketches of the early lives of the pair, from which nothing emerges save their passionless conventionality; we are offered specimens of their banal conversations; we are shown the boring rapidity with which they leap into bed on every possible (and sometimes improbable) occasion, and their unimaginative behaviour when they get there; and we are told of the dreadful sacrifices they make to keep their lust unimpaired. But they never cease to be absolutely unremarkable, and we can never believe in their overwhelming potentialities for physical love. Mr. Faulkner apparently believes that great love is like small-pox and may alight where it will; personally I suspect it to have more in common with genius and appear only where it must. And, as so often happens when he tries to analyse character, Mr. Faulkner tends to write abominably. There are whole chapters consisting of 150-word sentences beginning with "Then," strings of consecutive verbs in the present participle, phrases consisting of three adjectives, a noun and then more adjectives, and journalistic philosophisings beginning "If Jesus returned to-day we would have to crucify him quick," etc., etc., etc. Yet, in spite of everything, *The Wild Palms* is a highly interesting book, and contains, especially in *The Old Man*, some very fine writing. Take this passage describing the flood pouring up what was once a small stream:

> It was as if the water itself were in three strata, separate and distinct, the bland and unhurried surface bearing a frothy scum and a miniature flotsam of twigs and screening as though by vicious calculation the rush and fury of the flood itself, and beneath this in turn the original stream, trickle, murmuring along in the opposite direction, following undisturbed and unaware its appointed course and serving its Lilliputian end, like a thread of ants between the rails on which an express train passes, they (the ants) as unaware of the power and fury as if it were a cyclone crossing Saturn.

One can almost forgive "They (the ants)."

Mr. Farrell is gradually overcoming all his many competitors and becoming the recognised Hogarth of American low life. *No Star is Lost* is a picture (or rather cartoon for a picture) of a Chicago slum, and for nearly five hundred pages describes the sins, sorrows, fights and d.t's of a drunken and delightful family ranging from Grandmother O'Flaherty with her piety and picturesque invective to poor "Four-Eyes" (spectacled) Danny, the butt of the local Dead-End Kids. Mr. Farrell may not show much imagination, but he possesses inexhaustible powers of observation, and a keenly humorous ear for Irish argot that makes the limited and unvaried episodes of proletarian family life as interesting as those of the better known Forsytes. The trouble about *No Star is Lost* is its entire lack of plot. The action ranges over a year, and there are dozens of incidents that might be regarded as sub-plots, but of unifying central story there is not the least trace. The stage is set, the supers take up their positions, the stars make their bows—and the evening's over. The only sign of purpose in the book is a casual meeting with the youthful Studs Lonigan on the last page but one. Is it in introspection that Mr. Farrell includes in the Housman quotation from which he takes his title, the lines:

> The toil of all that be
> Helps not the primal fault?

But, primal fault or no, the incidental if rather purposeless toil makes extraordinarily entertaining reading.

Pebble in the Stream is about Mariana, beautiful child of a Dutch father and a Balinese mother. Unlike Lord Tennyson's heroine of the same name, Mariana never had cause to complain that her nights were dreary because he cometh not; on the contrary, her exotic Continental progresses were paved with the broken hearts, empty cheque-books and lonely graves of her numerous admirers

HITLER

Sept. 26th 1938 (Sport Palace, Berlin):

"We do not want any Czechs" *("Keesing's" page 3239 para. A.)*

—and what did he say about

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while crowds of fresh lovers sought, fought and bought for her with undiminished enthusiasm. Mr. Schlee runs up and down the whole gamut of his emotion. We follow Mariana from gay lunches in the Café Weber ("There are always such delightful little dishes. One eats and grows merry; one does not know why. All these dishes are pictured on the menu and accompanied by a short description of what they contain. There is simply no defence against the good humour that comes over you"), through passionate afternoons when Apache lovers beat her with their belts, to shaded evenings where, over priceless brandy, she captivates some cruel and wealthy amorist. At last she meets a German photographer who, encouraged by Stendhal, spends a night with her in chastity. Mariana has now experienced everything; her death is merely an anticlimax. The publishers tell us that Mr. Schlee was formerly a scenario-writer. I think I should have guessed it.

Americans appear to have a special genius for describing elderly, eccentric, lovable relatives, and *Grandma Called It Carnal* is a very pleasant specimen of its amusing genre. Grandma was reactionary in the purest and most idealist sense of the word, and to live in her cottage was to enjoy eighteenth-century rural conditions without their compensating amenities of vulgarity and smuggled gin. In Grandma's eyes progress, especially towards personal comfort, was not only sinful but dangerous and unaesthetic, and her chief objection to such Babylonian excesses as iron stoves for heating or a pulley for the well were that the metal gave off poisonous vapours, or that the old well-sweep was far more picturesque than a wheel and chain. Unlike most of her kind Grandma would justify her fads theoretically, and her favourite reading was Thoreau or Ruskin. Miss Damon has a pleasant and easy style, and whether she is describing the oddities of her grandparent or the horrors of a village school she writes with such charm that she almost made me regret my own less austere childhood. But, considering it soberly, I don't think many of us would have enjoyed life with Grandma.

JOHN MAIR

WAXWORK VALHALLA

Hermann Göring. By ERICH GRITZBACH. *Hurst and Blackett.* 10*s.* 6*d.*

Göring, Iron Man of Germany. By H. W. BLOOD-RYAN. *Long.* 15*s.*

Germany's Hitler. By HEINZ A. HEINZ. *Hurst and Blackett.* 5*s.*

Authorised biographies need not be valueless. Though they generally hide the most interesting facts, they can enable us to see our famous contemporaries through their own eyes. Working to order Herren Heinz and Gritzbach have painted the official portraits of the Führer and his Paladin and portrayed them in the stiff robes of Nazi mythology. Though neither of their books tells us much of importance about real people, they do disclose something of the tastes in fiction of Germany's rulers.

How grotesquely heroic these living waxworks stand in the Nazi gallery. For reasons of propriety nearly all the vital and dynamic qualities have to be suppressed and only occasionally can a life-like trait peep out through the paint and ceremonial robes. One of these is a remark of Göring's quoted by Herr Gritzbach: "There never was an illustrious man who had not at some time or other damaged his virtue." There for a moment is the real Göring, the airman whose nerve broke after the war and who had to be cured from morphia-addiction in a sanatorium, the Prussian who broke the rules of etiquette by running away with the wife of a Swedish officer, the Prime Minister who threatened to hang Dimitrov when his questions during the Reichstag fire trial proved too awkward. A biography which means to do honour to a really remarkable man and yet sedulously omits to mention the most remarkable incidents in his life is a mistake, even from the propagandist point of view. "Hermann" is admired in Germany precisely because he is a solid bulk of jovial, brutal, efficient but, above all, fallible humanity. He is a big enough man to be able to change his uniform every day and yet to retain respect. But Herr Gritzbach's waxwork, dressed as Prussian Premier, Master of the German Forests, Master of the German Hunt, Commander-in-chief of the Air Force, Patron of the Arts and Friend of the Workers is merely ridiculous. Mr. Bruce Lockhart in his introduction states that "this book must be read," but he is mistaken. The excellent illustrations, a complete record of the contents of the Göring wardrobe, are sufficient in themselves; the turgid (and badly translated) text adds nothing except a useful pedigree.

I do not know who Mr. Blood-Ryan is, but from the photograph, which he includes, of himself with Göring, and from the style of his English, I conclude that he is more at home in Germany than in this country. But although his English is unusual, his unauthorised biography is a useful book whose facts have obviously been gathered from well-informed sources. He provides a good deal of information about Göring's war-career and his life in Sweden, and brings out the contrast between his ruthlessness as a politician and the sentimentality of his private life. Göring is too free and easy to be a typical Prussian, but his real courage and capability lift him above the ruck of Nazi bosses. Apart from Hitler, he is the only statesman of any calibre in the Third Reich, and was largely responsible for those contacts with Mussolini, the Catholic Church, President Hindenburg and the army generals to which the success of the Nazi revolution was due. Moreover, it was his energy in reorganising the Prussian police and establishing the Gestapo which enabled Hitler to consolidate his position in the spring of 1933, and since then the triumphs of Nazi foreign policy would have been impossible without his work in building up the air force and expanding aeroplane production. Though Mr. Blood-Ryan's biography is not official, it must, I fancy, appeal to the Field-Marshal's taste more than the slavish eulogies of Herr Gritzbach. He tells the story, as Göring himself would tell it, with brutal indiscretion and with an undisguised pleasure in his triumphs over friend and foe. "The Iron Man of Germany" takes his proper place in the Chamber of Horrors.

Germany's Hitler is neither grandiose nor frank, but history told to the children. Herr Heinz portrays the Führer as the hero of a serial in the *Boys' Own Paper* and tells his life history through a series of interviews with men and women who knew him in his days of poverty and distress. "A schoolmate" remembers:

> We all liked him, at desk and at play. He was no more hefty than the rest of us, but an enterprising little chap. He had "guts." He wasn't hot-headed, but really more amenable than a good many. . . . The whole class acknowledged this boy as the leader.
>
> The history master always picked on Hitler as Repeater, that is, something would be read aloud to us and then one of the boys had to get up and tell it again in his own words. As a rule Hitler made the Repeat a good deal more interesting than the original.

So even as a schoolboy Hitler displayed his power of improving upon the truth! Herr Heinz is a worthy pupil; referring to the abolition of the Trade Unions he writes:

> All was altered in a twinkling when Adolphe Hitler came to power. A cry of gratitude and relief went up from all ranks of German working men. The Brown Shirts were everywhere welcomed as they made their way into shop and factory and yard to enquire after the needs and circumstances of every employé in the place.

That is an idyllic picture. But equally touching is the testimony of a Jewish ex-serviceman living in a house occupied by Hitler for eight years. "He did more for his people than any man before him," he told Herr Heinz, "and made a favourable exception for all of us ex-service Jews. We have nothing to fear even to-day."

Poor Herr Heinz! This part of the myth has been changed since you wrote your book. You will need to make a few alterations in your next edition of "Pappa Hitler the dear kind saviour of Germany."

R. H. S. CROSSMAN

AUDEN AND ISHERWOOD

Journey to a War. By W. H. AUDEN and CHRISTOPHER ISHERWOOD. *Faber and Faber.* 12*s.* 6*d.*

The title is mysterious, hinting at imaginary war and frontiers of the mind.

> Behind each sociable home-loving eye
> The private massacres are taking place

writes Auden, and this new journey might have landed us no farther away than Cheltenham or an Oxford common-room. Auden and Isherwood have been for a time special correspondents on that front. But "a war" means in fact the war in China, and their book records a four-months' visit to China made at the beginning of last year. They went, with the "encouragement" of their publisher, to look at the Chinese and to track down the war, and what makes their book so different from a hundred others of the moment is that it avoids omniscience and brilliantly records first impressions. How much "inside information" remained untapped, while they merely used their eyes and ears!

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Four months, and "the truth about China" still not in their pocket! They penetrated to the fronts north and south, met the Chiangs and Miss Agnes Smedley, visited hospitals, Government houses and missionary outposts, experienced air-raids, drank innumerable cups of tea and travelled innumerable miles in verminous railway carriages. They wrote as they went, Auden his sonnets, Isherwood his travel-diary. Since their view was bound to be, in a sense, superficial, they took pains to make it personally truthful. For example, in the course of their journey, they were often surprised and sometimes bored: the professional reporter cannot afford to be either. They found the Chinese as delightfully odd as their reputation. And the war, so firmly planted in their minds before they set out, became at times almost as elusive as the Snark. "We have big guns now," remarked the Chinese commander. "I suppose," said Auden, "you shell the Japanese." "No, we don't do that; you see, we don't want the Japanese to know that we've got them." Perhaps this behaviour had a perfectly reasonable explanation, like the green horses which turned out to be white ones camouflaged against aircraft, but the eccentricities of Chinese warfare were merged in the oddity of China as a whole. Isherwood describes their first evening in Canton:

> We climbed a small hill behind the village, overlooking the Canton valley. Beneath us lay the great sprawling city, and, all around it, in the dusk, the mysterious, wooded Kwantung plains. Along the horizon, miniature mountains poked up their little hat-like peaks. It was the landscape of *Alice Through the Looking-Glass*. Here you might make a Lewis Carroll walking tour, coming unexpectedly upon the strangest of people engaged in the queerest of tasks—two old men trying to put a rat into a bottle, a woman pouring water through a sieve. And yet all these topsy-turvy occupations, when one came to inquire into their purpose, would prove, no doubt, to be eminently practical and sane. The Chinese, we had been told, do nothing without an excellent reason.

Everywhere they encountered the friendly resistance of the Chinese character: the inscrutable grin—a Communist organiser giggled as he spoke of the sufferings of the troops; a Government news-bulletin announced "Of seven planes brought down by Chinese ground forces, fifteen were destroyed by infantry," a statement which surprised no one because no one bothered to listen.

Isherwood's diary, which takes up most of the book, is extraordinarily vivid. He makes the people he met—European and Chinese—as real as the landscape. Is there anything, one wonders, after reading this book, which he couldn't, as a reporter, hit off? Here is his first sight of air-raids:

> The searchlights criss-crossed, plotting points, like dividers; and suddenly there they were, six of them, flying close together and high up. It was as if a microscope had brought dramatically into focus the bacilli of a fatal disease. They passed, bright, tiny, and deadly, infecting the night. The searchlights followed them right across the sky; guns smashed out; tracer-bullets bounced up towards them, falling hopelessly short, like slow-motion rockets. The concussions made you catch your breath; the watchers round us on the roof exclaimed: "Look! look! there!" It was as tremendous as Beethoven, but *wrong*—an insult to the whole of Nature and the entire earth.

Auden's poems begin and end the book: a dedicatory sonnet to E. M. Forster, poems of the journey out, a long sonnet sequence depicting a sort of Progress of Man, and a final poem summing up the historical struggle against oppression and "the enemies of life":

> Night falls on China; the great arc of travelling shadow
> Moves over land and ocean, altering life:
> Thibet already silent, the packed Indias cooling,
>
> Inert in the paralysis of caste. And though in Africa
> The vegetation still grows fiercely like the young,
> And in the cities that receive the slanting radiations
>
> The lucky are at work, and most still know they suffer,
> The dark will touch them soon: night's tiny noises
> Will echo vivid in the owl's developed ear,
>
> Vague in the anxious sentry's; and the moon look down
> On battlefields and dead men lying, heaped like treasure,
> On lovers ruined in a brief embrace, on ships
>
> Where exiles watch the sea . . .

The sonnets, entitled "In Time of War," seem to me a remarkable achievement, a statement of faith comparable in dignity (such statements are rare to-day) with *In Memoriam*. It is odd to reflect that the previous phase of Auden's talent was in the direction of caustic popular humour.

Between them Auden and Isherwood have written a book which one reads greedily and will keep to reread. If ever an air fleet comes to London, I hope they'll live to write the epitaph.

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PRISON REFORM

Meet the Prisoner. By JOHN A. F. WATSON. Introduction by SIR ROLLO GRAHAM CAMPBELL. *Cape.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

For Magistrates and Others. By LEO PAGE. Introduction by SIR SAMUEL HOARE. *Faber and Faber.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

A progressive and humane Prison Commission has endeavoured during the last eighteen years to produce a better kind of prison and to turn out a better kind of ex-prisoner. In this effort they have called in as allies people like Mr. John Watson and Mr. Leo Page, respectable and respected citizens, intelligent, kind, ready to move with the times and to render faithful, regular social service for prisoners. In addition to the qualities which make them good prison workers, Mr. Watson and Mr. Page have the gift of ready and persuasive tongues and pens. They know how to commend the cause which they and the Commissioners have at heart, to the average, well-meaning, ignorant citizen with the average mixture of kindness and sadism. Free from the faintest tinge of Redness, they are able to range the middle classes on the side of the angels. They do not speak like wild men from Sinai, but as sober, independent witnesses to the truth as apprehended by the Home Office. They are indispensable to progress.

Meet the Prisoner is an important and valuable book. The author has been for many years a prison visitor at Wormwood Scrubs, Secretary of the National Association of Prison Visitors and a member of the committee of a Discharged Prisoners' Aid Society. He is also the Chairman of the Southwark Juvenile Court. Now much knowledge might have made him dull. But it hasn't. His book is not merely well-informed and balanced, it is a vivid, vigorous, critical account of what happens to a prisoner during sentence and after discharge. Myriads of prison books

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have appeared in recent years, but Mr. Watson covers new ground. He deals largely with the social service given by unofficial prison visitors, teachers and after-care workers, and for the first time we have a comprehensive, detailed account of their work. This is of first importance to every serious student of penology because these social and educational activities are the very stuff of which the much discussed "reformative methods" consist. It is the more important because, for some reason difficult to fathom, the ex-prisoners, Phelan, Mark Benney and Macartney who, with all their limitations, are the best interpreters of prison life, have scarcely mentioned either prison visitors or prison education. Maybe the ripples made by these activities on the stagnant waters of prison are less significant than some of us imagine. But no one can read Mr. Watson's story of Shakespeare readings at the Scrubs (where he realised with a shock that Cassius was more highly thought of than Brutus), of the introduction of poems, music and amateur theatricals, without recognising in it a penetrating, practical exposition of the educational value of the "useless subject"; and this brings us close to the fundamental problems presented by the man who, disregarding others' rights in freedom, in prison becomes sodden with self-pity.

The book gives a general account of the development of the modern prison from the days of John Howard onwards, and here again Mr. Watson gives us "something different." Not content with the usual rehash of Howard-cum-Fry, he has brought Sarah Martin into her own. A hundred years ago this woman was visiting regularly four or five days a week the men, women and children in Yarmouth gaol; she taught them to read and write, trained them in handicrafts, provided materials, sold their products outside to furnish them with funds against the day of release, interviewed employers to get them jobs and remained their friend in perpetuity. Sarah Martin was a dressmaker, earning a scanty living, without means and without influence. Mr. Watson has studied her *Prison Journal*, her *Everyday Book*, her *Liberated Prisoners' Book*, her *Register of Lessons* and the cash books in which she kept a meticulous account of all money received for and given to the prisoners, and he has done a real service in reintroducing her to her fellow-countrymen. Sarah Martin's philosophy and methods were those which we complacently regard as modern. The incident which impelled her to force her merciful entrance into the gaol was the imprisonment of a woman for appalling cruelty to her child. Miss Martin concluded that a woman who could do such a thing must need understanding treatment. It is a humbling yet consoling bit of history for those who read in the *Times* letters from great ladies and others clamouring for savage punishments for crimes of cruelty.

Meet the Prisoner is well-documented and indexed and the nine Appendices give, *inter alia*, the names and types of all existing prisons; the prison dietary; the rules governing voluntary workers in prison, and D.P.A. societies; the financial and civic disabilities of ex-prisoners, and the provisions of the infamous Section 7 of the Prevention of Crimes Act 1871. This book should hold its own throughout a long and useful life.

For Magistrates and Others is a collection of addresses given to meetings of magistrates, probation officers, prison visitors, D.P.A. Societies, the Student Christian Movement and the Howard League. The list shows the wide range of those who are glad to sit under Mr. Leo Page, and though a warmed-up speech has inevitably lost some of its first flavour, the book explains the author's acceptability as a preacher. From his post in the Centre he is amusingly and effectively provocative to both Left and Right. Normally his weapon is the rapier, but at the end of this book, he deals with Sir Robert Armstrong Jones on flogging and there he uses the mincing machine. That is fun.

CICELY M. CRAVEN

A TALENTED JOCKEY

Baron Ward and the Dukes of Parma. By JESSE MYERS. *Longmans.* 8*s.* 6*d.*

Though this is rather a contribution to historical scholarship than a book for the general reader, it contains such an extraordinary story that it deserves to be rescued from the arid wastes of the classroom. Thomas Ward, a not especially successful Yorkshire jockey, became a groom in the service of Charles Louis Duke of Lucca and *de jure* Duke of Parma in the 1830's. The Duke apparently overhead his groom saying "we would not stand that in Yorkshire," and attracted by his vigour, his honesty and his strength of character (exotic qualities in the Italy of that day) promoted him to be his valet and confidential adviser. Ward managed the affairs of the Duchy of Lucca in masterly fashion, feathered his own nest by a little gentlemanly dabbling in North Italian railways, but could not restrain his somewhat peculiar Duke from selling the duchy "like so much pork" to the Grand Duke of Tuscany. The Duke then succeeded the Empress Marie Louise, Napoleon's widow, as sovereign of Parma. When that duchy was overrun in 1848 Ward and the Duke were forced to fly, but the former, after several months' plotting, secured the restoration of the Duke's son. When Parma was finally swallowed up by Savoy, Ward, by this time a Baron of the Austrian Empire, settled down to farm near Vienna and to adapt "that wonderful thing Mr. Locomotive" to the tillage of the soil.

It is interesting to read of Ward's visit to his father's bar in the East Riding, showing the patrons his decorations and setting at rest their anxiety for his safety after "the queer deeds of '48." But odd and remarkable as Thomas Ward appears, he fades into normality beside the astonishing personalities of his Bourbon employers. Charles Louis, moralising over his eminent Bourbon ancestors, was once heard to say "What a family of gentlemen ours always was." The reader is left a trifle uncertain whether these genteel qualities descended to the Duke himself when Ward wrote "*I* have had the grooming of him; and it was a wuss job than ever the grooming of his hosses was." Charles Louis seems to have had no illusions about his mental gifts and could write "I know well enough, my dear Thomas, that I am a fearful fool, and there is no denying it!!!!" He had some rather peculiar political views which no doubt explain why the serious-minded Liberals of the nineteenth century viewed him with horror. Certainly they are views which would hardly endear him to contemporary Left-wing opinion. "People must be moral and not educated," he wrote. And on another occasion, "All the trouble in Europe has come from these cursed Universities and Professors." His son was flighty and capricious, and after the troubles of '48 he settled down to a life of domestic bliss in a cosy little villa in Surbiton. In England he developed a passion for the grouse moors of Scotland, and caused some embarrassment at Windsor by turning a somersault in front of Queen

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Victoria. His reign as Duke of Parma was short, owing to his being murdered in the streets of Parma. It can hardly be denied that Thomas Ward must have been a man of somewhat remarkable calibre to govern even Italians through such extraordinary monarchs, and we should be grateful to Mr. Jesse Myers for thus resurrecting him.

ROGER FULFORD

THE PHILOSOPHY OF DEISM

The Spirit of Voltaire. By NORMAN L. TORREY. *Oxford Press.* 15s.

This book, attractively written and attractively produced, is the work of a specialist on the eighteenth-century enlightenment, and a recognised authority since his work on *Voltaire and the English Deists*. It is a presentation of Voltaire in his integrity as a wit and moralist, a champion of justice, an utterer and discoverer of essential truths and one of the most beneficial influences the world has ever known. If not a formal biography, the biographical method is adopted and the great pamphleteer's life, from his first revolt against conventional ideas to his discovery of "a little kingdom of his own" at Ferney, with all its ups and downs of fortune and active friendships and enmities, is shown as a search for a philosophy of life.

Mr. Torrey's study is meant to reveal the inner nature of the man of whom Lecky wrote finely more than seventy years ago:

> His success was equal to his zeal. The spirit of intolerance sank blasted beneath his genius. Wherever his influence passed the arm of the Inquisition was palsied, the chain of the captive riven, the prison door flung open. Beneath his withering irony persecution appeared not only criminal but loathsome, and since his time it has ever shrank from observance and masked its features under other names.

It has seemed worth while to quote this tribute of a leading nineteenth-century historian, as a corrective of Mr. Torrey's remark, made at the close of his book, that to the prudery of the Victorian age Voltaire's mockery seemed a liability rather than an asset.

Voltaire's task, it has generally been held, was to attack the abuses of positive religion, rather than to assert the adequacy of his own outlook on the world to the moral wants of mankind. As a thinker he has frequently been considered inconsequential and inconsistent; but Mr. Torrey is assured that both in his life and works some underlying principle can be discovered which will reveal the intensity of his attitudes and his adaptations to "the unknowable."

> It was through knowledge, intelligence and reason that Voltaire would make somewhat more tolerable man's brief sojourn on this "atom of mud." The driving force was love of humanity in the particular as well as in the abstract. The idea that Voltaire was a purely rational and cold creature is a ghost which, in spite of its frequent and widespread appearance, will be found extraordinarily easy to lay. . . . According to our choice Voltaire was intensely religious or intensely irreligious. The intensity remains in any case an important and essential characteristic.

The intention of Mr. Torrey is not to whitewash Voltaire, and in reference to the recent and (in Roman Catholic circles) hotly debated attempt of Mr. Alfred Noyes to turn Voltaire into the next best thing to a pious son of the Church, needing but a little encouragement to make an honest submission, he has been at pains to point out that a certain form of submission was the necessary condition of Voltaire's life and works. *Zadig* faced both ways; and we have Voltaire's statement (he was then a candidate for the Academy) that he would burn any page of his writings to which the Church could take exception. But the most that can be said for Mr. Noyes' view is that Voltaire, in an erroneous forecast of a religious future, common to the leading rationalists of his day, when everything would be reduced to "moral philosophy," did fondly hope that the Church would come to him. Some deists did not decisively deny revelation, and some believed in the soul and immortality; but Voltaire was not among these, as Mr. Torrey clearly shows. His God was infinitely far off, so lofty and "impersonal" that he could pay little attention to the fate of individual man, visit him or want his love.

The most important and suggestive pages of Mr. Torrey's book are those in which, with his great knowledge of the thought of the period, he finds the formula for Voltaire's deism. He concludes after weighing all the evidence that the deism of Voltaire was composed of rationalism and humanism, with enough of mysticism thrown in as to enable one to attribute to him a religious sense. It is his opinion that Voltaire's great service lies in his holding to the idea of a universal moral law while interpreting this characteristic tenet of the deists in the light of obvious human needs. This kind of humanism is rightly opposed to the cult of great men and racial souls; but Mr. Torrey is on controversial ground when he adds that had Voltaire called his universal morality the "categorical imperative," as did Kant, and built a nebulous philosophical system upon it, he would be revered to-day in the academies of philosophy as Kant is revered. He is indignant that Voltaire should not appear in the histories of philosophy; one might answer that the great practical value of the ideas of the deists does not guarantee the speculative validity of their thought. The deists were not interested in speculative thought; and if Voltaire paid (with delightful results for literature) much attention to the theological and metaphysical constructions of the Church, it was mainly because he saw them as instruments of the roguery and tyranny of priests and despots. His mysticism, as Mr. Torrey describes it, is simply the metaphysics of Mr. Everyman on any starry night.

J. M. HONE

DEMOCRACIES, UNITE!

Union Now. By CLARENCE STREIT. *Cape.* 10s. 6d.

This is a book which a weekly reviewer cannot possibly do justice to. It makes a proposition of immense importance with such fervid intelligence and such a powerful whirlwind of argument that the reader is in danger of being swept off his prejudices, or even his better judgment, into agreement. Mr. Streit's analysis and conclusion are so important, they go down so deep into the structure of international society and the crisis confronting human beings, that they ought to be ruminated over for a considerable time and then dissected and digested in many thousand words. Not that there is anything abstruse or difficult in his thesis. Mr. Streit maintains that the only thing which can save the world from war and consequent ruin is a union or federation of not less than 12 or more than 20 of the leading democracies. He considers that the union should start with 15 democracies—and he gives some cogent reasons for this—Great Britain, the U.S.A., France, Belgium, Sweden, Holland, Canada, Australia, Switzerland, Finland, Denmark, Norway, Ireland, Union of South Africa, and New Zealand. There are, he maintains, only three alternatives to union and they all inevitably lead to war. The first and the worst is isolation, a fool's paradise, because in the present state of the world no State can isolate itself. The second is the old system of hostile alliances which may be effective for winning, but is useless for preventing war. The third is the League, which is an advance on the alliance system, but suffers from the same inherent defect; it makes the sovereign State the unit in an alliance to prevent war and aggression, but the sovereignty of the units makes effective organisation and action to prevent aggression impossible.

Mr. Streit cites the history of the Thirteen Sovereign States of America as proof that only a federation or union can organise peace. The union which he proposes for the 15 democracies is (1) to establish a union defence force, citizenship, zollverein, currency, and communications system; (2) to guarantee national government in the non-federal fields; (3) to create by its constitution a nucleus world government. He shows that it is not a fantastically Utopian dream to propose such a union. The facts which he marshals to demonstrate how close and how numerous the ties of government, trade, finance, and culture are which already bind these democracies are most impressive. He proves conclusively that the political and economic strength of such a union would be overwhelming, that no combination of autocracies could possibly attack it successfully, and that it could therefore almost certainly "impose peace" upon the world.

Mr. Streit's main thesis is unanswerable; 90 per cent. of his argument is unimpeachable; he does not seem to be fully aware of the fact that in the 10 per cent. debatable ground remaining will be found some of the political and social nuts that have always proved the hardest of all for the human animal to crack. After reading his lucid and passionate arguments, it is impossible to deny that his proposed union would be the most efficient method of creating a world-government, of preventing further aggressions by the autocracies, and of establishing permanent peace. It would be far more efficient than the most efficient League. The League is hamstrung by the sovereignty of sovereign States. But here we come to the 10 per cent. debatable ground. Mr. Streit sometimes writes rather naively as if this terrible snag of sovereignty in the path of the League to organised peace was

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his own peculiar discovery. I can remember as long ago as 1915 how in the discussions among those who helped to lay the foundations of the now moribund League all the pros of federation and the cons of sovereignty which he expounds in masterly style were argued over and over, and over and over again. A League of sovereign States won because there was no conceivable chance of getting the human beings alive in the world in 1915 or 1918 to agree to anything nearer a sane system of international relations and world government than a League of sovereign States. That overwhelming crux still stares us and Mr. Streit in the face, but it is doubtful whether he outfaces it. You cannot walk round an overwhelming crux by ignoring the psychology of nationalism which is the outward and visible sign of State sovereignty. The psychology of nationalism is as vital a factor in the situation making for war as the machinery of the League or the futilities of isolationism, and it is this psychology which makes it so difficult to deal with the problem of sovereignty or to start a federation between Scandinavians, Frenchmen, Britons, and Americans. It is a factor which Mr. Streit hardly allows sufficient weight to either in the past, present, or future. LEONARD WOOLF

MARXIST ROME

The Gladiators. By ARTHUR KOESTLER. *Cape.* 7*s.* 6*d.*

In the good old days there was once a novel about ancient Rome called *The Gladiators*; the hero was a British slave, very Aryan, very public-school, very much a prince in disguise; one of the ladies was a spotless Christian maiden, the other a patrician called something like Voluptia. And there you were. This new book with the same title is so different that it mightn't be a historical novel at all. Why?

Historical novels have always used these ingredients; God knows I have done it myself; the puppets are so delightful to manipulate, the blond slave and the voluptuous aristocrat can be squeezed till the vitamins gurgle out! It is such stuff as the most opiate dreams are made of. But Arthur Koestler refuses us dreams. He has seen too much of it happening; if you have watched real people being flogged and kicked you will find yourself writing about it accurately—that means the end of those so Etonian flagellations that left no scar on body or mind; having seen death close, you will be convinced that your hero will not be miraculously spared, nor die nobly and tidily; you will notice that adversity is as likely to bring out the worst as the best in everyone. Above all, you will realise the helplessness of the individual before historical circumstances and economic facts. All romantic historical novels have been essentially about people moving against a painted background which never closes in and crushes them; this novel is about the background.

It tells the story of the Slave War, when Spartacus held South Italy against Rome. We know a great deal about the late Republic, but not whether Spartacus and his gladiators and escaped slaves were merely out for themselves, or whether, as this book supposes, some of them were turned by circumstances in a consciously revolutionary direction. But there were ideas about which, given an opportunity, might get into people's heads. An epoch when the cake of custom is broken, first by extreme riches and social *hubris*, and secondly by the violent smashing-up of cities and classes, breeds counter-thoughts of equality and love and security, with the paradox that they can only be reached through violence. We know that state of things now.

It is hard to write intelligently about our own times because we do not know the facts; we cannot understand how the background forces are pushing us, why we cannot behave as we intend; but the historian with a well-documented epoch can see why, can pick out significant background events and tendencies, showing, through these, what was bound to happen to the lives of individuals. This is what Koestler has done with Rome. To my mind this is the first Marxist historical novel; there have been plenty of Left historical novels, but all have remained personal, essentially romantic. This is not personal in the old sense at all; Spartacus himself is the instrument through which the whispering of ideas is blown, to turn into action. The lawyer Fulvius who joins him is an instrument in which the whispering turns to theory.

Of course there are people all through it, bits of dialogue, incidents, things vividly seen or, almost, overheard: as though Koestler the journalist had been doing his own job in the past—and well. But one reads *The Gladiators* for its political implications and questions, above all the question of doing evil that good may come. A series of dilemmas occur out of which there is no right way. In the end the Slave army, which has attempted sometimes to win and sometimes to lead the good life, is beaten; the survivors are crucified, which is perhaps a little nastier than anything one does to one's ideological opponents now, but at any rate is over in a day or two. The question remains, why did Spartacus not win, when his was obviously the right side and when the Roman social system was showing every sign of developing such internal contradictions that any observer would say it was bound to crack up? The answer may be that it changed from one form of capitalism to another, organised itself as a Totalitarian Empire, and went on for several more centuries. Rome fell when it could not change from a slave economy, based on constant cheap labour, to a scientific economy, which would have replaced the human hands and enabled the whole extent of the Empire to be gathered into one bundle of power.

A book about backgrounds is bound to be rather complicated, especially when filled with people of many nationalities; sometimes too much has been squashed in, and the transitional passages among the respectable are scarcely smooth enough; here and there the general feeling is Imperial rather than Republican. But the conversations are always good; what is said is not romantic but dialectic. It is a book which anyone who is wondering what will happen to us will do well to read. NAOMI MITCHISON

I Helped to Build an Army. By JOSÉ MARTIN BLASQUEZ. *Secker and Warburg.* 15*s.*

Major Blasquez was one of the few Spanish army officers who were revolted by its political frivolity and the cruelty of its suppression of the Asturias revolution, and his book is worth reading if only for its brilliant description of life in this officers' corps of fops and sadists. When the revolution broke out he remained loyal, not to the Liberal politicians, whom he despised as Utopian dreamers, but to the Republic which he saw to be the only alternative to a cruel and ridiculous reaction. He records the tragic confusion of the early militia days, pays tribute to the Communists, the one party prepared to postpone all political aims until after the war had been won, and reminds us that, from the outbreak of the rebellion, President Azana's main objective was a truce. For reasons which are not made clear he escaped to France in the spring of 1937, but it looks as though those stresses and conflicts which have produced the present chaos were already at work. A non-political Spanish army had been created, and the International Brigade had been drafted into it. Major Blasquez writes of this development with approbation, and the interest of the book lies in its unconsciou sdisclosure of the fact that by shelving the social revolution and driving the politicians into a corner, the Republican Generals destroyed the *élan* of their troops and the spirit of the Republic which they were trying to defend. Two gigantic armies stood facing one another, and the Generals who virtually controlled both territories began to wonder what they were fighting about. German and Italian pressure prevented Franco from negotiating, but the Generals on the Republican side had no foreigners to egg them on. On the contrary they had Azana and the British and French Governments constantly pressing for a truce, while the attitude of the anarchists is well summed up by a friend of Major Blasquez. "If the Fascists win, they'll shoot us all, and if you win, you'll shoot us. So you might just as well settle all these things between yourselves." When victory became impossible after the fall of Catalonia, the Generals and the people turned against the politicians—conveniently dubbed Communists—and hounded them out. And so we reach the lamentable conclusion that after 2½ years of civil war, with all political idealism exhausted, Spain is content to see a military settlement, in which the army, whose political influence was the chief target of revolutionary attack, is once again supreme, but now under foreign control. Perhaps Trotsky was not so wrong when he argued that you cannot defend a revolution with a non-political army.

Co-operation at Home and Abroad. Volume II. 1908-1938. By C. R. FAY. *King.* 18*s.*

Mr. Fay recently published a revised edition of his *Co-operation at Home and Abroad*, which originally appeared in 1908; but in this latest edition he abandoned the attempt to deal by means of supplementary chapters with later events. Instead, he now adds a second volume, covering the past thirty years and also breaking new ground by the inclusion of certain countries not dealt with in the earlier work. This new volume can be read by itself, without reference to its predecessor, as an outline history of Co-operative development during the post-war period. The scope is wide. There are long sections covering respectively industrial and agricultural co-operation in many countries; and these are followed by a more detailed study of the Scandinavian Co-operative movement. The chapters dealing with the fate of Co-operation under Fascism in Italy and Germany are of special interest, though Mr. Fay seems to regard the handling of the movement by the Nazis with a curious leniency. On the U.S.S.R. he adds nothing to the treatment of the subject by Mr. and Mrs. Webb. His sections dealing with the British Agricultural Marketing Acts are interesting, but curiously disjointed; he has some good chapters on the development of American

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Co-operation under the New Deal. Altogether this book, based largely on studies at first hand of the various movements—made possible by a grant from the Leverhulme Trust—is a valuable quarry for students of Co-operation, especially if they are primarily interested in the agricultural side of the movement.

GRAMOPHONE NOTES

Of the four companies which issue gramophone records in this country three, as every investor knows, have for some years been amalgamated, while the fourth, Decca, is linked to them by at any rate some sort of working agreement. Consequently it is strange that they should remain so unwilling to pool resources and take leaves out of one another's books. I am not referring to duplications, which are now a matter for congratulation rather than complaint; since comparatively little of the classical repertory remains unrecorded, the more versions of each work we have to choose from the better for us; while the financial aspect of the situation is not our concern. It is rather in the presentation of their excellent wares that the various houses can still learn wisdom from one another. Take the question of albums. Only H.M.V. and Parlophone albums are completely satisfactory; those issued by Columbia (still quaintly described as "Art Albums") are so constructed that if you carry them wrong way up the records will roll out of the top, they have thick and clumsy lettering, and they show an immediate tendency to warp convex. As though to make things even, the sides of Decca albums warp concave and are covered with paper which inclines to tear off in strips as one pulls the album out of its row; they are however very attractive in design and colour. Labelling has much improved recently, but H.M.V. are the only company to make really clear the order in which the sides are to be played; in this respect Parlophone are the worst offenders, and in their recent brilliant issue of the Arensky *Trio* one had to rely on internal evidence to discover the correct order. Decca, for their most important series of "Permanent Music," use a gold label, on which they print the titles also in gold, so that one has to hold the record up to the light to discover what is on it. Catalogues are chaos, some listing a Beethoven Symphony under "Symphony," some under "Beethoven"; surely it is time H.M.V., Columbia, and Parlophone issued a joint catalogue? The Decca catalogue of "Permanent Music" is full of howlers: Beethoven's Op. 110 is said to be in A major, and Kempff's wonderful records of the Op. 111 appear as Op. 3! In this catalogue symphonies are given in order of number, irrespective of composer, thus: No. 2 (Brahms), No. 3 (Beethoven), No. 4 (Brahms), No. 5 (Schubert), and so on. On one point only do all the companies display absolute and abominable unanimity, and that is their refusal to issue leaflets of words with separate vocal records, even when the music cannot possibly be grasped without them, e.g., a Wolf song. I have been agitating on this point for years, and I have never yet heard the slightest excuse put up by an official of any company. If one exists I shall be glad to be told of it.

The month opens brilliantly with a performance of Liszt's *First Piano Concerto* which may justly be called historic, for it is the result of a collaboration between two artists who must be the last active survivors among the pupils of Liszt—Felix Weingartner and Emil Sauer. At 75 Dr. Weingartner is the marvel of the musical world for his vitality but most people in this country will be surprised to learn that Sauer, who lives in Paris and is 76, continues to practise his incomparable art. A few bars convince us that he has lost none of his mastery; his performance is leonine but never heavy-fisted, romantic, oratorical, and yet of an enchanting delicacy in the passages of Chopinesque figuration: pianists are fortunate to have preserved for their study so authentic a specimen of the grand Byronic manner. The orchestra is the Paris Conservatoire, the work occupies six sides, and the recording is extremely powerful, brilliant and clean. I very much hope that Columbia may be induced to follow this issue up with the publication of the *Second Concerto* which was recorded at the same time; nothing could be more interesting than to compare it with the fine Petri-Heward set issued a few months ago.

It is easy to see why Brahms's *First Piano Concerto in D minor* so dismayed and annoyed its first hearers in 1859. The first movement is still one of the most powerful and challenging in music, and to the Mendelssohnian fifties it must have sounded much as that of Walton's *Symphony* does to us to-day, for both movements are filled with the sense of conflict and of relentless, hammering strain. It is known, from the correspondence of Joachim and Kalbeck, that this movement was an expression of the agony of mind Brahms endured when Schumann attempted to drown himself in the Rhine in 1854; and the slow movement is in some sense an elegy for the dead composer. It is a work which has come into its own somewhat late, but is now recognised as one of Brahms's finest compositions. A new set of six H.M.V. records is played by Artur Schnabel and the L.P.O. conducted by Georg Szell and reveals the pianist's deep sympathy with the music, especially in the powerful series of *martellato* trills in the first movement and in his caressing handling of the *Adagio*. Unfortunately both the rapid movements contain a good deal of the jerkiness which is Schnabel's particular foible, and moreover an altogether excessive number of bungled notes (*e.g.*, the beginning of the development in the first movement, p. 42 of the miniature score). It does not sound as though Szell had had enough rehearsals to pull matters firmly together, and the balance is occasionally poor, the lovely horn solo (pp. 82–84) being almost inaudible. On all these counts the earlier version by Backhaus and Boult is much to be preferred, and it has the added advantage of occupying one record less. A third concerto is Mozart in E flat (K. 449) played on 3 H.M.V. discs by Serkin and the Busch ensemble; a lovely little work beautifully played and recorded in a manner which makes it preferable to the old Decca set by Kathleen Long and Boyd Neel.

An issue of the first importance is that of Haydn's "*Oxford*" *Symphony* by the Conservatoire Orchestra under Bruno Walter (3 H.M.V. discs). The more one hears of Haydn the more astonishing appears his instinct for vital form; to mention one instance, how witty, final and satisfying is that metamorphosis of the principal theme of the finale which he reserves for the last few bars. The playing is exceptionally sensitive, the wood wind (especially the flautist) moulding their phrases with delightful art. Under the same conductor the L.S.O. give an excellent performance of Beethoven's *Coriolan* Overture (H.M.V.).

Decca add to their impressive list of modern English music Bliss's *Viola Sonata* (3 records). It dates from 1933 and is one of the many works inspired by Tertis's mastery of the instrument. The first movement is a taut piece of musical logic, the second almost as good; the finale, a *Furiant*, lets us down, rattling along without much content like a contemporary Raff. Performance (Watson Forbes and Myers Foggin) and recording are more than adequate. The Lener Quartet play on four Columbias Dvorak's *Quartet in E flat, Op. 51*, which seems not to have been recorded complete before. Much as I love Dvorak's music I confess that parts of this work strike me as feeble. The first movement begins with a most endearing tune which suggests a dog wagging its tail, but the second subject is very flat. The middle movements (a Dumky and a Romance) are attractive, but the finale is again based on material too slight for the medium. Parlophone issue two records containing Bartok's *Three Rondos on Folk Tunes* and, on the last side, *Roumanian Folk Dances*; the pianist is Lili Kraus, and the performance has not only the rhythmic verve and delicacy of texture we expect of her, but also the brilliance and masculine style specially demanded by this music. But not even my favourite pianist can wholly reconcile me to this music; at a first hearing there is much to enjoy in Bartok's astringent harmonies, but on repetition the poverty of the tunes, *qua* tunes, becomes increasingly marked. There is a mystical belief about that if a tune is genuine folk it must be good, but if there is a sillier or more puerile tune in the world than that of the third Rondo I shall be glad *not* to hear it. The Roumanian dances are more taking. Petri records excellently on a single Columbia two pieces by Busoni which are pleasant to listen to, if not much more, *Albumblatt No. 3* and *Elégie No. 2, All' Italia*; while Kitain makes an exceptionally fine piano record (Col.) of two Rachmaninoff and two Scriabin pieces, all unhackneyed and all, especially the Rachmaninoff *Etude Tableau*, beautiful examples of piano writing.

Jussi Björling (H.M.V.), in the "Ingemisco" from Verdi's *Requiem* and the "Cujus Animam" from Rossini's *Stabat Mater*, makes one of the best tenor records of recent years; his modelling of Verdi's phrase to "Inter oves locum praesta" is especially lovely. Lina Pagliughi, the other Great White Hope of *bel canto*, contributes to the Parlophone list a lovely *aria* from Donizetti's *Elisir d'Amore* coupled with "Tutte le feste" from *Rigoletto*, and a second disc entirely devoted to the Bell Song from *Lakmé*. Her flow of tone, especially in the Donizetti, is easy and delicious, and I think it is only the excessive proximity of the microphone that gives some of her notes a slightly piercing quality. Parlophone continue their historical series with a re-pressing of two powerful recordings by the famous French basso Delmas (*b.* 1861) which reveal his possession of the grand manner and a

HOLIDAY SUGGESTIONS

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noble tone akin to Plançon's but less honeyed: unfortunately the material (Paladilhe and Meyerbeer) is shoddy in the extreme. Another Parlophone revival contains the two principal tenor solos from Verdi's *Otello*, magnificently declaimed by Giovanni Zenatello, the greatest exponent of the part since Tamagno; for some reason the two sides have been recorded at very different speeds. Elisabeth Schumann (H.M.V.) airs her familiar graces in Arne's *Where the Bee Sucks*, a pleasant setting of Belloc by Graham Peel, and a song by Eccles from an old play called *The She-Gallant;* her diction is rather Bergnerish but far clearer than that of most native singers. Heinrich Schlusnus fills both sides of a Decca record with a Loewe ballad called *Der Nöck* which contains some of his most attractive melodic thoughts; my dictionary has never heard of a *Nöck*, but as far as I can make out it is a sort of male Lorelei.

DESMOND SHAWE-TAYLOR

Week-end Competitions

No. 472

Set by William Whitebait

We offer the usual prizes (Two Guineas and Half a Guinea) for the best broadsheet ballad on one of the following subjects: the Boat Race, Miss Gracie Fields, Mr. Chamberlain's gamp, the telephone directory, pin-table saloons, or the last tram in London. Maximum length, 24 lines.

RULES—

1. Envelopes should be marked with the number of the Problem, in the top left-hand corner, and should be addressed to COMPETITIONS, 10 Great Turnstile, High Holborn, W.C.1. Solutions must reach the Editor by first post on Friday, March 24th.
2. Competitors may use a pseudonym. Typescript is not insisted on, but writing must be on one side of the paper only.
3. The Editor's decision is final. He reserves the right to print in part or as a whole any matter sent in, whether it be awarded a prize or not. MSS. cannot be returned. When no entries reach the required standard no prize will be awarded.
4. No competitor is eligible for more than one prize in any one week.

The result of last week's competition will be announced in our next issue.

RESULT OF COMPETITION No. 470

Set by T. W. Earp

A, with a last-minute excuse, cancelled his acceptance of the Bs' invitation to stay with them for Easter. The Bs discover that he did so in order to stay with friends richer and of more social eminence. The usual prizes are offered for the best letter of explanation from A. Entries should not exceed 300 words.

Report by T. W. Earp

This competition tapped a rich source of duplicity. Entrants provided enough material to endow a book of etiquette with a full chapter, and, such is human frailty, a useful one. After all, the social fib has Dr. Johnson's blessing. Were he living now, he might well commit the sin of A, if choice arose between, for instance, the Thrales and a peer. And to Boswell, plumbing for motives, he might to-day use the words of Allan M. Laing, who put the whole affair in a nutshell and on a postcard from A, which reads, "Snobbery, old chap, sheer snobbery."

Yet A's knotty problem surely called rather for disentanglement than Gordian severance, or so the majority of competitors decided. There were two very popular ways out. One was for A to appeal to B's gallantry, and to explain that an object of his passion was staying at the Cs (as we may dub them). "Veri" deftly turns this by his confessing a passion for Mrs. B, which would make a visit unfitting, but should be corrected by Whitsuntide, or as soon as the next invitation occurred.

The other much-used escape was for A, invoking self-interest, to have discovered that C could enrich him enormously or get him a job, or, better still, perform the same function for B. Not a few entrants poured further balm by making him add that it was an awful week-end, and that hopes were disappointed.

D. Cooper and A. Hyde both hit on an ingenious up-to-date excuse: that A, seized with the itch for Mass-Observation, had gone to the Cs from a sense of duty to that science. Martin Walsh's A, having just been to *Pygmalion*, admits having been moved by an impulse to see if he could pass muster in the Cs' entourage. Miss Moore's A employs the old stand-by of the sudden accident, but gives it a new turn and guides it to safety with the unexpected presence of an osteopath at the Cs.

Others of the bilker's explanations were: invincible urge to find out if it was humanly possible to stay with the Cs: that only for a wager would he have faced the ordeal: fortune-teller's prediction that evil would visit his Easter hosts, and desire that it should befall the Cs: summons to conference at the Cs on matters of national import, which can't on any account be revealed.

E. M. Hibbert's feminine A, following the sudden illness lead, attains a peak of disarming guile with, "But when Lady C rang up, I really felt a bit better (it was a good time after), and I was feeling so miserable at the idea of not seeing you, that I went." But the first prize is recommended for A. Goodman, who faces the dilemma with a certain eloquence, and the second for Jean Moncrieff, which catches a reflection of the great Pitcher's raffishness.

FIRST PRIZE

My dear B,

I gather from a word Meddle dropped that both you and Barbara are sore about Easter.

I wish to be perfectly candid. I did accept your invitation weeks before Easter. I did intend to visit you up to the Thursday before Easter. I did cancel the invitation on the Thursday evening by telephone.

All this is bad enough, but add to it that my explanation about Aunt Mary was wholly false. The truth, as you know, was that I received an invitation to stay with Splendour at his country house, which arrived on the Thursday morning because one of his other guests had contracted measles.

You ask, therefore, why, instead of being an honoured guest with old and true friends, I should choose to be a stop-gap at a house where, demonstrably, little store is set by my presence? Your answer is, I am sure, self-interest; the hope that there might be some pickings from the rich man's table, where there was nothing to be expected from you but true friendship and warm kindliness.

How right you are! I know, my dear B, that your generous hospitality will be extended to me time and time again, but, where Splendour is concerned, have I any such hope? I have known Splendour for many long years, and, since his accession to prosperity, he has never recognised my existence, although nobody could have been more useful to me. Was I to reject my only opportunity? Would it not have been foolish quixotry, and, moreover, would it have been fair to you to thrust upon our friendship the responsibility for having lost this golden chance.

If I made a mistake, it was in fabricating an excuse—but is the moment before Easter the right time for a calm analysis of motives and values? It was kinder to leave you to believe that urgent necessity had kept me away, and to leave it to some later occasion—where, alas, I have been forestalled—to vouchsafe the true explanation.

Yours ever,

A.

SECOND PRIZE

Dear B,

I'm devilish sorry about last week-end; 'fraid you'll think me an absolute outsider, but the fact of the matter was, old man, I found myself in a very nasty spot and simply had to lay my hands on a hundred pounds by Tuesday, so when that other invitation came it was an absolute godsend and I simply had to accept it. You've been so darned decent to a fellow this last year and helped me out of a hole so often, I just hadn't the nerve to tell you I was up to the neck again, so I made that stupid excuse hoping you would never hear of my shameless plight.

Actually, I'm completely exhausted after the most boring and nerve-racking Easter I've ever spent. I poodle faked for fat old Mrs. C and played billiards with the old boy till I was purple with fatigue. However, I succeeded in playing my cards so well that I had them both eating out of my hand by Sunday evening and managed to touch the old geysers for quite a tidy sum.

I enclose a cheque for ten pounds in part payment of my debt to you; not only as part of the "spoils of victory" as the classical Johnnies would say, but also as a proof that instead of spending a top-hole week-end with you, I've been working hard for my living.

May I come down next week-end, old man, just to show that I'm completely forgiven? I'm quite solvent at the moment, thanks to the Cs, so you needn't feel nervous. Yours incorrigibly,

A.

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CALIBAN'S PROBLEM CONTEST

PROBLEM 324.—AFTER THE SNOOKER GAME.

"After the snooker game" (writes Buffer) "the Professor produced his black velvet bag and filled it with snooker balls.

"'There are twelve balls in this bag' he said. 'There is one at least of each of the following colours: black, white, red and blue. If four balls are drawn out at random it is equally likely that three of them will be black and one white, and that two of them will be black and two blue.'

"'And what's the problem, Professor?' asked Binkie, who knew his little ways.

"'Why,' said the Professor, 'to determine how many of the balls in the bag are red ones'."

What is the answer?

PROBLEM 322.—OF THE MAKING OF BOOKS

Solution by W. H. Bacon

Todd-Hunter's list is incorrect. Chalke's chance is much greater than that given, and Hazard's much smaller, for example. Actually each has *about* double the chance of the next on the list.

In the first round there are 10 equally probable matches. Possible "survival groups," with probabilities, are:—

C, Pk, Pe, K. $\frac{1}{10}(\frac{3}{6}+\frac{4}{5}+\frac{3}{4}+\frac{2}{3}) = \frac{61}{200}$

C, Pk, Pe, H. $\frac{1}{10}(\frac{4}{5}+\frac{3}{4}+\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{2}) = \frac{51}{200}$

C, Pk, K, H. $\frac{1}{10}(\frac{3}{4}+\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{3}+\frac{1}{4}) = \frac{40}{200}$

C, Pe, K, H. $\frac{1}{10}(\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{3}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{5}) = \frac{29}{200}$

Pk, Pe, K. H. $\frac{1}{10}(\frac{1}{3}+\frac{1}{4}+\frac{1}{5}+\frac{1}{6}) = \frac{19}{200}$

Chance of Chalke becoming the eventual winner is therefore:—

$$\frac{61}{600}\{\frac{3}{5}(\frac{2}{3}\cdot\frac{3}{4}+\frac{1}{3}\cdot\frac{1}{4})+\frac{3}{4}(\frac{3}{4}\cdot\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{4}\cdot\frac{1}{3})+\frac{1}{3}(\frac{2}{3}\cdot\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{3}\cdot\frac{1}{2})\}$$
$$+\frac{51}{600}\{\frac{2}{5}(\frac{3}{4}\cdot\frac{3}{4}+\frac{1}{4}\cdot\frac{1}{2})+\frac{3}{4}(\frac{1}{5}\cdot\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{5}\cdot\frac{1}{2})+\frac{1}{2}(\frac{2}{3}\cdot\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{3}\cdot\frac{1}{2})\}$$
$$+\frac{40}{600}\{\frac{2}{5}(\frac{2}{4}\cdot\frac{3}{5}+\frac{1}{5}\cdot\frac{1}{2})+\frac{3}{5}(\frac{1}{5}\cdot\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{5}\cdot\frac{1}{2})+\frac{1}{2}(\frac{2}{4}\cdot\frac{2}{3}+\frac{1}{4}\cdot\frac{1}{2})\}$$
$$+\frac{29}{600}\{\frac{3}{4}(\frac{2}{3}\cdot\frac{4}{5}+\frac{1}{5}\cdot\frac{1}{2})+\frac{4}{5}(\frac{3}{4}\cdot\frac{3}{4}+\frac{1}{4}\cdot\frac{1}{2})+\frac{1}{2}(\frac{2}{3}\cdot\frac{3}{4}+\frac{1}{3}\cdot\frac{1}{2})\}$$

which on simplification becomes $\frac{650170}{1296000}$.

Similarly the chances of the others may be found, the results being:

		Roughly
Chalke	650,170	31
Potteblack	343,733	16
Pinkie	173,610	8
Kisse-Cannon	85,961	4
Hazard	42,526	2
	1,296,000	61

* The above solution assumes that if Kisse-Cannon meets Hazard the odds are 2 to 1 on Kisse-Cannon. If the odds are taken to be 2 to 1 on Hazard, the respective chances are:

		Percentage
Chalke	1,955,116	·503
Potteblack	1,034,827	·266
Pinkie	524,275	·135
Kisse-Cannon	186,138	·048−
Hazard	187,644	·048+
	3,888,000	

There is too much arithmetic in this problem for it to rank as one of the best. But in spite of its intricacy, 16 competitors have sent in correct solutions.—C.

PROBLEM 321.—THE RUGGER TOUR

A set of Low's cartoons goes to C. F. Cowdrey, 86a Ingelow Road, Battersea, S.W.8.

Seven points are awarded. CALIBAN

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A set of Low's cartoons is awarded to the sender of a correct solution selected at random.

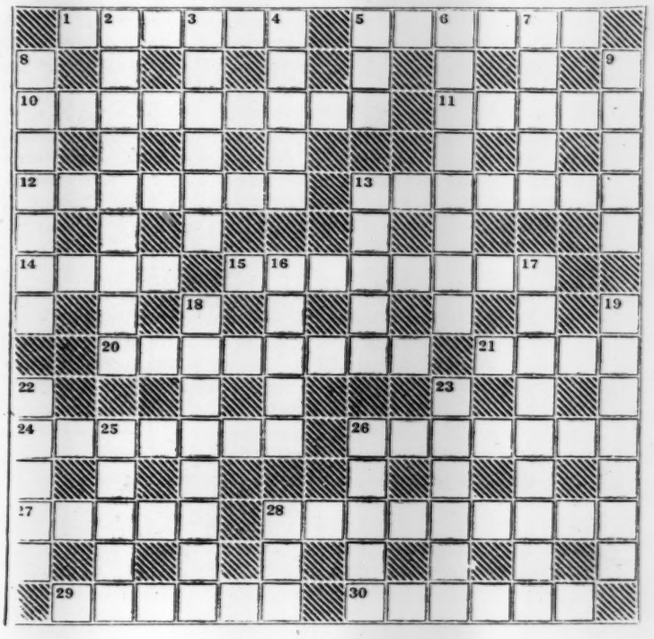
In addition, a record is kept of correct solutions sent, and of the points scored weekly by solvers. On attaining 100 points a solver is entitled to a prize consisting of any book (or books) reviewed or advertised in these columns, of a value not greater than 10s. Solvers who have won a prize on this basis are eligible for a second prize on attaining a further 120 points, and for a third prize on attaining a further 150. Solutions must be addressed to CALIBAN, c/o the Editor, and must reach this office not later than Tuesday week following publication of the problem. Solutions to two problems may be sent in one envelope, but on separate sheets of paper.

Some indication should be given of the method of solution.

[U.S.A. Competitors. The Editor regrets that the prizes offered in our Week-end Competitions cannot apply to American competitors.]

WEEK-END CROSSWORD 471

Books to the value of Five Shillings may be chosen by the sender of the first correct solution opened. Post solutions to arrive not later than first delivery Wednesday following the date of issue, addressed to "CROSSWORDS," 10 Great Turnstile, London, W.C.1.



Set by L.-S.

The last week's winner is

John E. Elder, 32 Grange Gardens, Pinner, Middlesex

ACROSS

1. Spanish. (6)
5. Penzance. (6)
10. Indian. (9)
11. India. (5)
12. Persian. (7)
13. Canary. (7)
14. American. (4)
15. Spanish. (8)
20. Irish. (8)
21. French. (4)
24. German. (7)
26. Swiss. (7)
27. Italian. (5)
28. Egyptian. (9)
29. Roman. (6)
30. Indian. (6)

DOWN

2. The eternal limit, according to the raven. (9)
3. Is their job to make life run smoothly? (6)
4. The importance of such creatures appears in deeds not words. (5)
5. A rising young officer puts up the money for the conveyance. (3)
6. Men point to this. (8)
7. See this in Yorkshire. (5)
8. Locust trees are false ones. (7)
9. Female credit, in short. (5)
13. The cab is fundamentally altered. (5)
16. People do things easily on them. (5)
17. What the horse smelleth afar off, according to Job. (9)
18. Even good diction would fail to get this approval for ill tidings. (8)
19. Came in and booked. (7)
22. Man with the Order of Merit. (5)
23. Deserts turn up to stir me up. (6)
25. A near thing perhaps for the contestants. (5)
26. A hundred aeons. (5)
28. Little company in France. (3)

LAST WEEK'S CROSSWORD

THE WEEK IN THE CITY

By DIVES

HITLER HALTS THE MARKET—MARGINAL RAILS—UNIT TRUSTS

THE Stock Exchange recovery was halted this week, but it is not fair to say that the halt was called entirely by events in Central Europe. A technical reaction after the rapid rise in prices of the past few weeks was due, if not overdue. Business optimism had been a little overdone—I fail to derive much comfort from the external trade figures for February, which showed a big drop in imports of raw materials—and "political" complacency has now been made to look ridiculous. If the aggression in Central Europe is to be followed by Italian offensiveness in the Mediterranean, the reaction will undoubtedly go further. A minor feature in industrial markets has been the switching from Imperial Tobacco into British American Tobacco in the expectation of an increase in tobacco taxation in April. Apart from the fact that Imperial Tobacco shares have enjoyed recently a steeper rise than British American, and return a lower yield of some ¼ per cent, I do not particularly like exchanging from a domestic trade to an export trade risk. A safer investment in the export side of the tobacco business would be a purchase of Tobacco Securities Trust ordinary stock at 67*s.* to yield £5 11*s.* 6*d.* per cent. Before the reaction this week there had been quite a recovery in textile shares. Even Courtaulds were temporarily marked up on the report that they were combining with Imperial Chemical Industries to exploit the new synthetic material called "Nylon" invented by Du Pont, the American chemical combine and manufactured from coal, air and water. I regard Nylon as rather a "bear" point for the Japanese silk exporters than a "bull" point for Courtaulds, but it should encourage long term holders of Imperial Chemical Industries.

* * *

In another week or so railway stockholders will be reading the Transport Advisory Council's report to the Ministry of Transport, which will give them an idea of the legislation likely to be put forward for the railway "Square Deal." The traders' representatives had been insisting upon *maximum* rates but finally agreed not to press this point provided they were satisfied with the machinery to settle disputes as to whether charges were reasonable or not. The railways have also obtained an agreement with the iron and steel and road transport interests and a settlement is also anticipated with the coal industry. Legislation may therefore go forward to check the loss of heavy goods traffic to the roads, but there will remain, from the railway point of view, the running sore of the "C" licences. Unless legislation is introduced, which is not at present contemplated, restricting the "C" licence holders to a certain radius for their motor transport, the railway managements cannot hope to bring much traffic back from road to rail. The "bulls" of home railway stocks are looking forward in a few weeks' time to the railway traffic receipts making comparison with a bad period in 1938, so that the usual weekly "minuses" may give place to "pluses." They are also gambling on further economies being realised this year. The extent of the recovery in the marginal stocks has, however, been quite considerable as the following table will show:

	Low 1939	Present Price	Div. %	Gross Yield %
London & North-Eastern 4% 2nd Guaranteed	47	63½	4	£6 6 0
Ditto, 4% 1st Pref.	19	32	—	—
London Midland & Scottish 4% Pref.	37½	56¼	4	7 2 3
Ditto, 1923 Pref.	20	37	—	—
Southern Pfd. Ordinary	48¼	69½	4	5 15 0

I would only buy these marginal preference stocks on a substantial market reaction, but holders of Great Western 5 per cent. preference stock at 83½ might consider "switching" into L.M. & S. 4 per cent. preference at 56¼.

* * *

Up to Wednesday, Wall Street, like the London stock market, appeared to be reasonably "crisis-proof," and the only marked effect of news from Central Europe was a 50 per cent. drop in trading volume. President Roosevelt's message to Congress on Relief expenditure disappointed earlier hopes that he might utilise the occasion to emphasise the Administration's "appeasement" policy towards Big Business; and Senator Bankhead has warned Wall Street that it would be wise to abandon the idea that tax revision is likely this year. Nevertheless, the improvement in the business situation, up to the disclosure of Hitler's latest effort in power politics, had been sufficiently impressive to warrant hopes of a further upward movement of equities. The consumption trades were getting strongly into their pre-Easter stride; automobile output, railway car-loadings and electricity and coal consumption were all on the up-grade; and a slight curtailment of activity in textile manufacturing had been more than counterbalanced by a big increase in building contracts placed. Until the dust has settled in Central Europe it is unlikely that we shall see the resumption of a bull market in Wall Street. If, however, this unexpected crisis is not the prelude to fresh Axis activity in directions more dangerous to the general peace of Europe, the business background in the U.S.A.—brightened in the export field by the economic entente with Brazil—should support a further stock market advance.

* * *

The *Financial News* this week has rightly been directing attention to a curious "selling" development in the Unit Trust movement. Two Trust groups are offering units to investors at prices representing a small discount off the ruling prices; and one of the groups concerned has announced its willingness to give approved purchasers of units a month's credit. This "deferred payment" concession, in my view, introduces a practice quite inappropriate to the type of investment for which Unit Trusts were designed to cater. As for the offer of units at "bargain" prices, the implication is either that the Trust managers are cutting their profits—in which case the public may jump to the conclusion that these profits are normally larger than they need be—or they are offering units based on underlying stocks bought below current prices. In that case they have embarked, as principals, on speculative investment—a perfectly legitimate operation in itself, but one which should not be blended with Unit Trust management. The Unit Trust movement has performed a useful service, and it has collected something like £100 millions of private savings. Its artificial expansion by methods of high-pressure salesmanship would be deplored by all who have the movement's interests at heart. Regimentation of Unit Trusts by Whitehall will be unwelcome, but the Board of Trade's projected powers will clearly have to be replaced by a more comprehensive form of regulation if undesirable methods begin to be grafted on to the movement.

CUMULATIVE INVESTMENT TRUST

This Trust adds to the usual benefits of a Unit Trust the safety secured by reserve fund accumulation. It pays five-sixths of the income every half year to the unit holders and reinvests one-sixth for their benefit. By this method it gives unit holders advantages of compound interest, as the growing reserve fund increases the capital value and revenue of the Trust.

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INDIA OFFICE,
February, 1939

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APPLICATIONS are invited for the POST of ASSISTANT LECTURER in the DEPARTMENT OF POLITICAL ECONOMY. Salary £250–£300, according to experience, with admission to the Federated Superannuation System for Universities. Duties will commence at the beginning of October, 1939. Applications should be received by the undersigned (from whom further particulars may be obtained), not later than May 1st, 1939.

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The Council of the College invites applications for the post of Professor of Economics. Salary £850 per annum. The appointment will date from October 2nd, 1939.

Further particulars may be obtained from the undersigned, by whom applications must be received on or before April 3rd, 1939.

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